

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 24, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

World's No. 1 shipowner

STAVROS NIARCHOS

aboard his
giant schooner 'Creole'





Enter the Acrilan® \$100,000 wash & wear contest: 453 prizes in all! Get an entry blank at any good store. Tell in 25 words or less, "How I got rid of my ironing day blues." You can win an automatic washer-dryer filled with \$10,000, \$5,000, \$2,500. These three top cash prizes double if you send in the contest tag from wash & wear clothes made with at least 70% Acrilan.

Seven Seas automatic wash & wear slacks: smoothly tailored in the newest patterned fabrics. What gives 'em that luxury look? What makes 'em machine-wash, machine-dry or drip dry and go on again neat as new with little if any ironing? Acrilan—that's what. (They can be dry cleaned, too!) Pick up a pair or two . . . and take a crack at a fatful of money.

ACRILAN

*Registered trademark of The Chemstrand Corporation for its acrylic fiber. Fabric: 70% Acrilan, 30% rayon by Labbe. Left: pin stripes in gray, blue and brown. Right: solid colors in light gray, brown, light tan, oxford and charcoal blue. Both in sizes 28-44, regulars, shorts and slacks. About \$10.00.

Chemstrand makes only 100% Acrilan, America's finest. Mills and manufacturers do the rest.

Win a new automatic RCA WHIRLPOOL Combination Washer-Dryer. It washes, rinses, dries 10 pounds in one continuous operation, all automatically. THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1 • Fibers: ACRYLAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Evartus, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla. See apparel made with Acrilan on the Perry Como time, Saturday nights, NBC TV network, sponsored by The Chemstrand Corporation. Check your local paper for time.

AUSSIE ACE PASSES WHITE GLOVE TEST

(HE USES GREASELESS VITALIS)



Ashley Cooper, tennis star from "down under," gets his hair sun-dried every time he plays. He tried grooming with cream and oil hair tonics . . . found they only greased-down his hair, left messy stains. That's why Ashley switched to Vitalis. Vitalis® took the grease out of hair tonic . . . put in V-7®, the *greaseless* grooming discovery. It keeps hair neat all day, leaves no greasy stains as leading creams and oils do. And Vitalis protects against dry hair and scalp, fights embarrassing dandruff. Try Vitalis yourself, today!



**VITALIS
KEEPS HAIR
NEAT ALL DAY
WITHOUT
GREASE**

...prevents dryness, too.

ASHLEY COOPER: © 1978 BY GARNIER-BYRON

Why are people buying Volkswagens faster than they can be made?

Here are some of the reasons...

(1) Air-cooled engine can't freeze or overheat

The VW engine is in the back. Usually? One auto expert considers this the least unorthodox feature of the Volkswagen. To begin with, it is air-cooled, an astonishing advantage when you think of it. No water to boil over in summer, or freeze in winter. No anti freeze needed. No radiator problems.

The engine is ingeniously cast of aluminum and magnesium alloys, and is very light and

eliminator swing and sway on curves and needn't cost \$10,000 to \$15,000. Only \$1565.*

(4) Doesn't go out of style

Do the two cars below look the same? Actually there are 80 changes in the '59 VW, for Volkswagen is changing continually. But they are not changes you merely see.

We have never believed in changing a car to make it obsolete, only to make it better.



In '59, for example, we put 3 automatic magnets in the oil drain plugs for purer filtering. Steel springs were added to the clutch plate to make shifting even smoother. The VW has changed completely over the past ten years, but not its heart or face. [Frankly, we couldn't change its looks if we wanted to. We gave the problem to a great Italian body designer. He studied and studied and said, "Enlarge the rear window." We did.]

(3) The meaning of craftsmanship

At Wolfsburg, at the Volkswagen factory, VWs are touched every day because of surface scratches that are invisible to the naked eye. It stems from craftsmanship that does things business sense might consider unnecessary. The VW has more color than it needs; three coats of lacquer. The car is not merely sprayed. It is first submerged in paint, boiled and a coat builds up on inner surfaces that spraying cannot reach. It is a shield against corrosion. [A few of the most expensive cars are also painted this way.]

The VW has such close tolerances, it is airtight; you open a window to shut the door. So tight, it floats. Try that on your present car.

There are more than 3000 men at Wolfsburg to inspect VWs at each stage of production. [2500 VWs are produced daily, there are more inspectors than cars.]

(6) 32 mpg and fun to drive

At 50 miles an hour you get an honest 32

miles a gallon—regular gas. [Most mileage claims are based on economy runs by probes sensors. Under those conditions, you could get close to 50 mpg with Volkswagen. But 32 is a more accurate average for every day.]

It is a very easy car to handle. Women who shy away from the old-fashioned stick shift are surprised at how Volkswagen floats from gear to gear. One critic considers the VW shift almost unparalleled in smoothness.

The car is agile in traffic and parks where other cars can't fit. It is 4 feet shorter than conventional cars. It holds 5 adults [there is actually larger leg room in front than in big cars] and a surprising amount of luggage.

Above all, if you like driving, the VW gives you a sense of personal control and pleasure that is almost lost in this push-button era.

(7) Service is fast, economical

Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, the automotive genius, designed the Volkswagen to hold up. It needs less service on the average than other cars and costs are small. A new front fender is \$21.75.* A new cylinder head \$19.95.* The car is so well conceived, its engine can be removed and replaced in 90 minutes.

VW service is available in all 50 states, Canada and Mexico. All technicians are factory-trained. If you could tell how old a VW was by looking at it, you'd find vintage VW's still rolling along, good as new.

(8) The price of a VW is \$1565* complete

White walls and radio are optional and so is a side mirror. We can't think of anything else you might want that the VW doesn't deliver at \$1565.*



It is an honest car, and we think it the best car for your money in the world. Millionaires drive it, so do college kids and working people. Choose the sedan, and/or with sliding sun-roof, \$1655* or convertible, \$2055* [Good to know a used VW sells for almost as much as a new one.] Your phone book lists your authorized VW dealers. Nice people all.

In 1948, we produced 19,244 VWs. In 1958, 553,399. This year, the total will be higher.

Why are people buying Volkswagens faster than they can be made? Now you know,



© 1959 VOLKSWAGEN

*Suggested retail price, East Coast, F.O.B.



powerful, the toughest 198 lbs. going. It is beautifully machined for minimum friction, you will probably never need oil between changes. A rear engine, of course, means direct power to the wheels. It is the most economical design [no heavy, power-consuming drive shafts], and so efficient that top and cruising speeds are the same. Your VW runs at 70 mph all day without strain. As for endurance, we hear from VW owners who are still going strong at over 100,000 miles.

(2) Good control in ice and snow

The engine in the back gives superior traction to the rear wheels. In mud, sand, ice, snow, where other cars skid, you go.

Naturally, with the engine in the rear, you feel the difference at the wheel of a VW. The car is sure and responsive.

(3) Torsion-bar suspension holds the road

We read with interest the recent advertisement of a major automotive firm regarding its new torsion-bar ride. It heralded torsion-bar suspension as a great engineering achievement—available up to now in many \$10,000 to \$15,000 sports car imports.

All true—with one omission. Volkswagen introduced torsion-bar springs with individual wheel adjustment. It gives unrivaled control over rough roads [no bump-bump-bump],

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Editor: [illegible]
 Publisher: [illegible]
 Circulation: [illegible]

Cover: *Starrs Niarcho* ▶

Greece's great shipping tycoon is shown here where he most likes to be: aboard his lovely yacht *Cresle*. For a look at this unusual floating command post, see page 18.

Photograph by Bruce Seel

Next week



▶ Shotputter Perry O'Shea is one of a host of fine athletes from 25 Western Hemisphere countries who compete at the Pan American Games starting next week in Chicago.

▶ Four pages of color on training's most important race, the Hambletonian, in its attractive setting at Du Quoin, Illinois, plus a survey of the changes in this year's race.

▶ Ex-Davis Cup Captain Billy Talbot previews this year's challenge round, with a special eye on the national doubles and America's weakness in that key phase of tennis.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in a National, Eastern, Midwest and West Coast edition. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 per year.



Contents

AUGUST 24, 1959 Volume 11, Number 8

- 10 **Old Archie Wolfs a Lamb**
With sharp guile and solid socks, Champion Archie Moore retains his light heavyweight title
- 14 **Nice Boys, but No Match**
The College All-Stars get their first lesson in pro football from experts—Baltimore's Colts
- 16 **The Dodgers Will Win It!**
Players on the noncontending National League teams say Los Angeles will capture the pennant
- 18 **Spectacle: The Mostest Mariner**
*A colorful visit with Starrs Niarcho, world's leading shipowner, aboard his beautiful *Cresle**
- 23 **Needed: Honesty and Competition**
What it will take to make boxing a prize-worthy part of the sporting scene
- 26 **Champions in the Making**
Country club swimming competition in the 16-and-under set is the spreading thing
- 36 **The 49th Frontier**
Virginia Knott braves out the rugged hunting joys of Alaska—and brings home a record bear
- 62 **Horses, Carrots and Pimlico**
The Great MacPhail tells Gerald Holland, among other things, about That Day at Pimlico

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 7 Scoreboard | 52 Food |
| 8 Baseball's Week | 54 Tip from the Top |
| 9 Coming Events | 56 Charles Goren |
| 24 Wonderful World | 69 19th Hole |
| 31 Events & Discoveries | 72 Put on the Back |
| 49 Motor Sports | |

Advertisements on page 7

REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

Boeing openings offer
ENGINEERS • SCIENTISTS
outstanding careers,
wonderful Western living



Human factors space research

Space-age projects at Boeing include environments and controls for space-vehicle crews. Other programs offering outstanding career opportunities are Boeing defense missile systems, McDonnell-Douglas fuel ECM, advanced research programs and studies for orbital systems.



Lake Washington in Seattle

Boeing is headquartered in Seattle, in the Pacific Northwest recreation area, world-famous for fresh and salt water boating, fishing, hunting, skiing. Area abounds in lakes, streams, forests. Mild year-round climate. Year-round golf.



Snoqualmie Pass ski area

Six months a year skiing, air boat from Seattle. Seattle is noted also for beautiful homes, top ranking schools, cultural activities. Enjoy wonderful Western living—at Boeing!



Write today for your free copy of the 24-page book "Environment for You, name: _____" Includes your description and full career Adv. Service. Mr. Stanley M. Little, Boeing Airplane Co., P.O. Box 3625, VEF Seattle 24, Washington.

BOEING

SEATTLE WICHITA CAPE CANAVERAL

MEMO from the publisher

THIS is the week the hunting season opens in The Great Land, which is how the Aleuts thought of Al-ay-ek-sa. And this week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** Virginia Kraft reveals the kind of hunting the great land has to offer—as more hunters than ever seek adventure and fulfillment in the 49th state.

Hunting, appropriately enough, seems to have inspired Alaska's discovery some two centuries ago. When Peter the Great commissioned Vitus Bering to find out if Asia and America were separate, Russian fur wearers, moving east, had already begun the depletion of Siberian fur bearers. Looking farther east, the Czar really wanted to know, "How's the hunting over there?"

The answer is no secret today. The hunting is as great as the land itself. It still takes an expedition to enjoy it, but difficulties have abated somewhat since Bering led his. The expedition Virginia Kraft describes has, to be sure, some of those common to Alaska, common to expeditions, common to hunting and, perhaps, to hear Virginia tell of them, common to huntresses.

Call them all adventure and admit that for those who hunt there are really no difficulties, only challenges. And Alaska's fulfillments more than compensate for accepting them, as her story amply proves.

The trophies Virginia Kraft took are part of the suspense of her account. Without revealing them, I'd like to recall some other game she has taken, about as far from Alaska as a hunter can get, in Kenya: a rhinoceros, a Masai lion, an elephant and a

Cape buffalo, for instance (*This Week My Africa*, SI, March 10, 1958).

Endangered as she has been by a number of the more aggressive members of the animal kingdom, Miss



VIRGINIA AND TANA GRIMM

Kraft has been injured only once. It took a rabbit to do it—one of her own, which she contributed to the research on how to train trailing hounds (SI, June 29). What the rabbit minded was illustrated on page 52—just about where it says, "Dog sniffs rabbit," and Virginia holds rabbit for dog to sniff. The caption omitted the sequel: "Rabbit bites fingers."

There is a happy footnote to the story in this issue, Miss Kraft, who is Mrs. Robert Grimm of New York City, on May 8 gave birth to Tana Aurland Grimm. Tana has not shouldered a rifle yet, but she's almost bound to in due course: her name comes from the river in Kenya where her mother made her first safari.

Arthur Murphy

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S. Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7 in All other countries 1 yr. \$10.00

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE: J. Edward King, General Manager. Mail subscription orders, name, address and money order for change of address to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Dearborn Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois. If change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please enclose present and latest address label from a recent issue, or if not clearly legible, please retype. Include postal zone number. Change required old as well as new address.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 5 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

OTHER TIME AND PUBLICATIONS TIME: JUNE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST AND HOME & GARDEN. Managing Editor: J. Moore. President: Roy B. Lerner. Executive Vice President: Joe Poulos. For Publishing, Sales and Circulation: Louis P. Friedman and Treasurer, Charles L. Williams. Vice President and Secretary: D. W. Brinkmeyer. Vice President, Edgar H. Baker. Editorial Director: Clay Buchanan. Arnold B. Carlson, Allen Gower, Andrew Henshall, J. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linn, Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. L. Pennington, Weston C. Tufen Jr., Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey.



Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Do you think there can be a perfect game in golf?*



TOMMY BOLT
1958 Open champion
Crystal River, Fla.



KEN VENTURI
Los Angeles Open
champion
San Francisco

Golf equipment is improving so much that we will get scores in the low 50s. The perfect game would be getting on the green in the required number of strokes and holing your putt. At Winged Foot that would be 52, now highly improbable but possible in the years to come.

The perfect game is not so much the score as it is the complete satisfaction you feel after playing each hole. I'm sure Sam Snead doesn't think his 59 was a perfect game. No, it will never be played because the better a player becomes the more of a perfectionist he is.



ART WALL JR.
1959 Masters
champion
Honesdale, Pa.



DOUG FORD
1957 Masters
champion
Paradise, Fla.

No. A golfer must position each tee shot in the most favorable spot preparatory to getting on the green. Then he has to hit to the proper spot on the green. These two shots alone are well-nigh impossible. If you could manage them for only nine holes you would be a marvel.

The format would be to make 18 birdies. Sure it's possible, but it will never be done. Sam Snead shot the lowest score ever in major competition, a 59. Tommy Bolt shot a 60 at Wethersfield in as fine a game on a tougher course. I think that is as close to perfection as we pros will get.



ARNOLD PALMER
1958 Masters
champion
Laguardia, Pa.



FRANK STRANAHAN
1950 British Amateur
champion
Toledo

If you mean the perfect game within the realm of probability, maybe it will be played. That would mean hitting 18 perfect tee shots and 18 perfect second shots and landing in the cup in no more than one or two putts. But no one is ever going to birdie 18 holes.

In the perfect game you reach the green in the fewest possible number of strokes and hole your first putt. If you can reach the green in two strokes, then the second shot should go in the cup. It will never be played. That means perfect driving and putting for 18 holes.

continued

VE SHE SWA Z

VICHYSOISE

(vee-she-swazz)

However you pronounce it . . . the flavor is superb. Served either hot or cold, Crosse & Blackwell Vichyssoise is a pleasing, pleasant answer to summer meals. It's quick, easy to serve. But be sure you get the genuine Vichyssoise in a can. Another fine product by CROSSE & BLACKWELL.





OUR CHILL- CHASER JACKET

Long known as outfitters to students, Rogers Peet presents a new jacket from our complete assortments of authentic campus fashions. Tan seeded poplin with zipper fly front. Body and hood lined with Orlon pile. Quilted sleeve linings. S-M-L in Regular and Long. .835.50. Smaller sizes 14-20 .831.50. 6-12. .527.50.

Rogers Peet
NEW YORK BOSTON

100 West Street, 10th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10036
100 West Street, 10th Floor, Boston, Mass. 02108
100 West Street, 10th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10036



Look for our
signature
"Rogers Peet"
label.

HOTBOX continued



CART MIDDLECOFF
*Two-time U.S. Open
champion
Hollywood, Fla.*

I don't think the perfect game will ever be played. Even on your most fantastic rounds you won't hit 36 perfect shots on a par-72 course. A golfer's natural makeup won't let him do it. Sam Snead had 11 one-putt greens when he shot 59 at Greenbrier. That's pretty close to perfection.



JIMMY DEMARET
*Three-time Masters
champion
Houston*

A perfect game by a pro is one where the shot come off as he plans them. The score has nothing to do with it. He may be playing against the wind or with it. The point is that his plan works. I don't think the perfect game has ever been played, but it may be done someday. It's not impossible.



CLAUDE HARMON
*1948 Masters
champion
Manhasset, N.Y.*

The perfect game will never be played. I shot as good a game at Brevinole, Fla. as I will ever play. My score, a record for the course, was 60. But I have the chart of that course in my office. And if I show you the pattern of my score you will see that a lot of my shots were not perfect.



TONY PENNA
*1948 North and South
Open champion
Cincinnati*

What do you mean by a perfect game, the evaluation of every shot or the score? If you are talking about the score, with a birdie on every hole, a couple of holes in one and eagles on the par 5s, I think it is a possibility. Some day it will be done. Sam Snead didn't come too far from it with a 59.

**Weed
'em
and
Fish!**



Clean your lake with R-H Granular Weed Rhop-20. Kills most water or aquatic weeds. Safe for fish, swimmers and water supply. One treatment lasts all season. See your dealer or write

REASOR-HILL Corporation

Box 3651, Jacksonville, Arkansas



Where Good Sports

Get Together

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Circulation Now Over 850,000 Weekly

Try it in
delicious
Plonter's Punch



8 YEARS OLD

97 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

TENNIS

THE TWO BIG EVENTS OF 1959

AUG. 28, 29, 30

DAVIS CUP FINALS

U.S. vs. Australia at 42nd Hall in 4th round

SEPT. 4 to 13

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

250 players 300 matches

Tickets on sale at:

THE WEST SIDE TENNIS CLUB

1000 N. 1st St. • Chicago 17, Ill.

MIDTOWN - 1000 N. 1st St. • Chicago 17, Ill.

DOWNTOWN - 1000 N. 1st St. • Chicago 17, Ill.

Box 500, Forest Hills, N.Y.

FOREST HILLS STADIUM



MIKE SOUCHAK
1959 Tournament of
Champions winner
Greenvale, N.Y.

In football every play is good for a touch-down if each man blocks perfectly. Similarly, in golf, if every shot goes where you plan and you get to the green in the fewest possible shots and hole your putt, it's a perfect game. This is possible but it will never be played because of human failings.



HARVIE WARD
Twin-Tee U.S.
Amateur champion
San Francisco

To me, an amateur, a perfect game of golf is a par score on any course. Since it is humanly impossible to hit the ball perfectly every time, I would not give this as a definition of the perfect game. I prefer to say that whenever I break par, I've played better than a perfect round.



TOMMY ARMOUR
Former U.S. Open and
PGA champion
Delray Beach, Fla.

No perfect game is possible in any sport. In golf there will always be something to spoil a perfect game. Tee to green you may be perfect, but then perhaps you'll fall down on the greens. On a full drive the clubhouse moves 20 to 22 feet. I'm happy if I can hit five perfect drives in a round.



SAM SNEAD
Pro at the Greenbrier
Country Club
White Sulphur Springs,
W. Va.

Of course, it's got to be within the realm of possibility. The perfect game of golf should be par on any course. Then a better than perfect game, in my opinion, would be getting on each green in less than the number of strokes required for par and holing each green in two putts or less.

In Chicago



"Take me to your Ambassador"

Substitute "Sherman" for Ambassador (above) and you've covered two of the hotels more knowing Chicago visitors want to be taken to. Hotel Sherman, greatest in the Loop. Hotel Ambassador, smartest on the Gold Coast. They're both handsome proof that you are in the finest company when you stay at any Imperial Hotel on the U. S. or Canada!



Imperial Hotels

ARE CONSIDERED FOR YOUR COMFORT

CHICAGO THE SHERMAN
THE HOTELS AMBASSADOR

CANADA THE LORD SIMCOE, IN TORONTO
THE LORD ELGIN, IN OTTAWA

THIS "L" SHAPED POOL... YOURS IN ONLY 3 DAYS



Here is how a pool that has linked both the construction and maintenance problems of ordinary pools by combining the new miracle product fibreglass and ageless concrete.

Pool owners in key cities throughout the U. S. who have enjoyed their Swim Queen pools for four or more years report they look absolutely brand new. They are unaffected by severe winter weather and they never need painting or tiling.

Pool builders are enthusiastic too. They point to construction economies due to Swim Queen's exclusive simple-to-install design.

Only with Swim Queen do you get all these important features:

- Thoroughly engineered by long experienced pool contractors
- An beautiful as a tile pool and as maintenance-free as a pool can be
- An 8' or 10' x 20' or 24' complete
- Exclusive built-in splash-proof coping
- Fast installation, almost simplicity of assembly, no expensive forms
- Guaranteed for five years
- Variety of shapes available

Some exclusive distributorships still available.

Send for free brochure and name of nearest Swim Queen dealer

Swim Queen

Swim Queen Pool Co.
305 N. Waukegan Ave.
Glenview, Illinois

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____

Champion's
Choice . . .
because
you get more
to like!



DOROTHY and JOHN UNITAS enjoy the timeless appeal of the "Cherries" pattern on this Marlboro "Matched Tieset" . . . a Designer Original point by Tamara Kaefer, in blue, tan, grey or white wash 'n wear cotton. Hers with roll-up sleeves, convertible collar, sizes 10-18. His with permanent-stap collar, sizes 8-M-MU-L-XL. Each about \$5.95.

Marlboro
MARLBORO CIGARETTES



Summer Secret

A knowing set of people, here at Dorado Beach, possess the secret of summer in Puerto Rico. Trade winds cool these shores all summer long and off-season rates are tempting from there! See your travel agent at New York Reservation Office, 70 Rockefeller Plaza. Telephone: Circle 7-3000

DORADO BEACH
Hotel & Golf Club
DORADO • PUERTO RICO



Quaffmanship

Connoisseurs prefer Carlsberg because it is neither Wagnerian (overpowering food) nor Light Opera (demoniated by the food). It is especially pleasing with pork, sausages, game, shellfish, curries, smorgasbord, liver and steak. An impartial survey in Denmark revealed that Danes quaff Carlsberg on two occasions only: (a) with meals (b) without meals. Follow this simple rule and you can't go wrong.

For free
"Quaffmanship"
Guide, write
Carlsberg Quaffers,
694 Madison Ave.,
N.Y. 22

Carlsberg
Beer

RACING EVENTS

*The best of the Thoroughbred
races through mid-October*

AUG. 22 Arlington Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., turf, Washington at Arlington, Arlington Heights, Ill.

AUG. 23 The Travers, \$75,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Saratoga, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

AUG. 24 The Spinaway, \$50,000, 2-yr-old fillies, 6 f., Saratoga, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

AUG. 26 The Alabama, \$50,000, 3-yr-old fillies, 1 1/4 m., Saratoga, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

AUG. 28 Princess Pat Stakes, \$50,000, 2-yr-old fillies, 6 f., Washington at Arlington, Arlington Heights, Ill.

AUG. 30 American Derby, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Washington at Arlington, Arlington Heights, Ill.

AUG. 31 The Hopeful, \$75,000, 2-yr-olds, 6 1/2 f., Saratoga, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

SEPT. 4 Washington Park Futurity, \$100,000, 2-yr-olds, 6 1/2 f., Washington at Arlington, Arlington Heights, Ill.

SEPT. 7 Washington Park Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Washington at Arlington, Arlington Heights, Ill.

SEPT. 7 Jerome Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 m., Belmont Park, Elmont, N.Y.

SEPT. 12 World's Playground Stakes, \$100,000, 2-yr-olds, 7 f., Atlantic City, May's Landing, N.J.

SEPT. 15 The Matron, \$50,000, 2-yr-old fillies, 6 f., Belmont Park, Elmont, N.Y.

SEPT. 16 Aqueduct Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 m., Aqueduct, Queens, N.Y.

SEPT. 18 United Nations Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, by invitation only, 1 1/4 m., turf, Atlantic City, May's Landing, N.J.

SEPT. 19 The Futurity, \$75,000, 3-yr-olds, 6 1/2 f., Aqueduct, Queens, N.Y.

SEPT. 20 The Woodward, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Aqueduct, Queens, N.Y.

SEPT. 25 Beldame Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 1/4 m., Aqueduct, Queens, N.Y.

SEPT. 25 Chas. W. Bidwell Memorial, \$35,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Hawthorne, Ciera, Ill.

SEPT. 26 The Cowdin, \$50,000, 2-yr-olds, 7 f., Aqueduct, Queens, N.Y.

SEPT. 26 Manhattan Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Aqueduct, Queens, N.Y.

SEPT. 26 Hawthorne Juvenile, \$75,000, 2-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Hawthorne, Ciera, Ill.

SEPT. 26 Ladies Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 1/4 m., Aqueduct, Queens, N.Y.

SEPT. 29 The Champagne, \$100,000, 2-yr-olds, 1 m., Aqueduct, Queens, N.Y.

SEPT. 30 Hawthorne Gold Cup, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Hawthorne, Ciera, Ill.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Henry R. Lane
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT: Albert L. Firth

PRESIDENT: Ray E. Larson

MANAGING EDITOR: Sidney L. James

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS:

Richard W. Johnson
Andre Lagarde
John Tilly

ART DIRECTOR: Jerome Snyder

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

associate: Perry Knauth	
Ken Burns	James Murray
Robert Creamer	Colin Hickey
André A. Crockett	Paul R. Smith
Heidi R. Hendrix	Whitney Towner
Gerald R. Hood	Norm Wood
Marvin Kline	Alfred Wright

STAFF WRITERS

Robert Bertram	Hamilton R. Monte
Ray Cave	Clifford Rosen
Alan Higgins	Kenneth Hudson
Bryan Hurt	Jimmie Lee
Mervyn Meyers	Ray Trench
Stephen R. Katz	Jo Anne Zell
Morris Ladd	

PHOTOGRAPHY

PHOTO EDITOR: Gerald Aizer
ASSISTANTS: Betty Dick, Dorothy Marx
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: John G. Zimmerman
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS:
Avery Coates David Goodman
Leslie Dahl-Wallf Richard Wink
Tom Fennell Hy Finkin
ROOM STENOGRAPHER: Bea Schulte

WRITER-REPORTERS

EDITOR: Honor Fitzpatrick
Gladys S. Brown Lee Woodcock
William Lippert

REPORTERS

Mary Jane	Mary Jane Rodgers
Thomas A. Mann	Margot Marsh
Elizabeth Berglund	Rose Mary Mathews
John J. Campbell	John Murphy
Garth Ford	George Walsh
Barbara Friedman	Herbert Woodcock

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Roger Rosenbaum, Truck	Honor Peabody,
Charles Green, Cards	Frederick P. Foster
Jimmy Jernigan, Hockey	Harvey Salton, Tennis
Mary Frost Mahon, Football	William F. Tallent,
Carlotta Mitchell,	Tennis
Yachting	Herbert Warren
John G. Kelly, Motors	Wood, Golf

ASSISTANT TO THE MANAGING EDITOR

Henry J. Rosovsky

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Anne Dennis	Eleonore Mikoville
Joan Lockhart	Morton Shuck

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Maureen Harris

PRODUCTION

copy: Arthur L. Bradley	
copy desk: Beatrice Gettlich	
George J. Hoadgson	Arthur A. Goldberger
Betty Lee Wheeler	Idea Masterson
Ingelborg Farrell	Edna Taylor

LAYOUT

chief: Alfred Zingaro	
William Berenski	Martin Nathan
Harvey Gray	Catherine Smolch
Brooklyn F. Mulvey	

U.S. & FOREIGN BUREAUS

vice-pres: Earl Barnes
Baltimore, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta,
Boston, Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle,
Amsterdam, Athens, Montreal, Toronto, Tokyo
chief of correspondents: James Murphy
London, The Hague, Paris, Rome, Rome, Rome, Rome,
Sofia, Johannesburg, Zurich, New Delhi, Tokyo,
Hong Kong, Mexico City, Panama City, Rio de
Janeiro, Caracas, Lima
chief of correspondents: Thomas John Hughes

PUBLISHER: Arthur R. Murphy Jr.

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: L. L. Callaway Jr.

FOR THE
MAN WHO WON'T
SETTLE
FOR AVERAGE



Yardley is made expressly for the man who knows the good things of life and intends to have them. If you are such a man, and like to see your money go a long way, try new Yardley After Shaving Lotion. Soothes razor burn, helps heal nicks. Its crisp tingle and cool, manly scent improve any shave, electric or lather. *1 plus tax

You'll like all Yardley products for good grooming.
Preferred by men of the world around the world.

YARLEY AFTER SHAVING LOTION

JAYMAR

designs worsted flannel slacks of 70% Orlon[®], 30% worsted in the belt-loop model shown, and the Cary Modricott model (also in 65% Orlon[®], 35% Combar rayon). They can be machine washed, machine dried, need little, if any, pressing. Also, are cleanable. © 1968 DuPont Company, a member of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company



THE AGE OF "ORLON"... LUXURY WITH PRESS RETENTION

Just right for the Space Age... new fall slacks with the scientific advantages of "Orlon"[®] acrylic fiber. Modern "Orlon" gives them a new luxury you can touch and see, greater crease and shape retention, new wrinkle recovery. All this, plus longer wear and automatic wash 'n' wear convenience, makes these handsome slacks as modern as tomorrow!

ORLON[®]

ACRYLIC FIBER



BETTER FIBERS ARE A BETTER FUTURE... THE DU PONT COMPANY

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **San Francisco Giants** got good relief work from slow-hand Pitcher Stu Miller (he won two successive games) and clutch hitting from Willie Kirkland (the won both those games with ninth- and 10th-inning hits). Willie McCovey continued to hit well (.384) and was joined by a revived Willie Mays. The **Los Angeles Dodgers** brought young pitchers, were jolted hard last week, both Don Drysdale and Johnny Podres were knocked out of the box twice and Sandy Koufax came out. With Reg. Craig unable to finish his last three games, the Dodgers appeared a bit shaky (but see page 16). The **Milwaukee Braves** got hot pitching one day and had hitting the next and fell farther behind. With no trades or promising farm hands in sight, GM John McHale commented "It's strictly up to the men we've got now to pull this thing out. A championship club shouldn't make the mistakes that this club has been making." Manager Haney was even more to the point, "They're taking their defeat too lightly," he barked. "I don't see how they can laugh and joke and clown around when they've got so much at stake. A few of them show they mean losing. But all of them should." The **Pittsburgh Pirates** seemed to relax, now that they seem to be out of the pennant race, and won three in a row, six out of seven. The **Chicago Cubs**, long-silent hitters, finally came to life in victory. Wrigley Field. They piled up 39 hits, 17 home runs, 48 runs in five winning games against the Dodgers and Giants. "The wind blowing out makes all the difference in the world," admitted Manager Schreffing. "We just now are getting the hitting we figured to get all season." The **Cincinnati Reds** prounded their way to five wins in seven games. Since Fred Hutchinson took over at All-Star Game time, the

lost have played the best ball, except for the Giants, in the league. Pinson, Bell and Robinson—two, three and four in the batting order—hit .437 for the week, knocked in 31 of the Red's 53 runs. But luckless Roy McMillan broke his collarbone and will be out the rest of the year; he had played only 13 games—since coming back from a seven-week layoff with a broken hand. The St. Louis Cardinals called it quits for the year and announced: "In an effort to use more of our younger players, Stan Musial will not see much action for the remainder of the season. The Cardinals

RUNE PRODUCTIONS

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Ichiro Suzuki (2004)	80	81	141
Robinson Cano (2005)	81	55	116
Markus Benish (2004)	70	58	129
Johnny Damon (2002)	71	57	128
Colton Cowser (2007)	27	54	126
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Robinson Cano (2005)	82	75	157
Patton Jones (2006)	101	35	136
Randy Cho (2011)	67	15	82
Ryan Howard (2007)	62	17	79
Mike Sweeney (2007)	70	54	144

* Approved by Washington Field from J.H.P.

lost four one-run games out of five and settled into seventh place. The Philadelphia Phillies had another mediocre week, and lost four out of seven. Gene Conley, strong man of the staff, faltered. He blew an eight-run lead, and the Phils lost an incredible ball game 15-12.

Standings: SF 66-50 LA 64-53 Mi 67-53 Phi
54-48 Chi 57-58 Cin 56-62 StL 55-64 Ind 49-68

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Chicago White Sox, looking more and more like a sure thing, varied the act a bit and ran up some big scores. In one game they got 13 runs, in another one Sherm Lollar, out to prove that the Sox do have a big RBI man after all, batted .381, hit four home runs and drove in nine runs. Previous to that, he had been given a four-day vacation by Manager Lopez because his run production had been so poor (42 ABs without an RBI). The Cleveland Indians' situation in the pennant race has become critical. "We need some toothpaste patching to get us going," said Manager Gordon. With his two ace, Cal Melach and Jim Fenzler, bothered by arm trouble, Gordon turned over again to the fading Herb Score. Herd tied a no-hit dud delivery, but it wasn't much help. He gave up four hits, five walks and five runs in 2 1/2 innings. The Baltimore Orioles would be in trouble if it weren't for the superb pitching of 20-year-old Milt Parnes. Five of his last six



OLD FOLKS Gene Woodling (.37) and Early Wynn (.39) are kicking up their heels. Gene is batting .323, Wynn has won 16

cityboats have been lost-hot, complete-game victories. When the **New York Yankees** won six in a row, there was some talk that the Yanks might come back, like the Giants in 1951. The talk stopped abruptly when the Yanks lost their next five games. As if to emphasize their ineptness, they blew two of the games in the eighth inning when Ryne Duren gave up game-losing home runs. The **Detroit Tigers** passed the million mark in attendance for the 14th time in 15 years, despite another mediocre season. "These people must be crazy," remarked one player when several hundred fans turned up at the airport to welcome the team home from a road trip. "Don't they know we're in the second division?" The **harmless City Athletics** slump (13 defeats in 16 games) ended when Bud Daley and Ned Garver turned in back-to-back complete-game wins over the White Sox. The **Boston Red Sox** got more timely hitting from young Gary Geiger. His ninth-inning home run beat the Orioles, and an eighth-inning homer against the Yankees was the deciding run. After the **Washington Senators** lost their 22nd game out of 24 played, Manager Lavagetto said to the team: "You're running scared and there's no sense in it. What have you guys got to be tight about? We've had a reputation as 'spoilers here in Washington, but you guys aren't spoiling anything but your future. I think the Washington fans have been extremely patient. A lot of you would have been run out of other towns." The Senators immediately won three straight

Standings: Chi49 45, Clev47 45, NY58 59, Balt37 54, Del57 60, KC56 62, Bos44 63, Wash 48 65.

STARS OF THE SEASON

	American League	National League
THE BEST PITCHERS		
Greatest win	Wynon: Ch 16 T	Baltimore: SF 16 G
Complete games	Pasquel: Wash 13	Redfield: M4 15
Shutouts	Wynon: Ch 10	Redfield: M4 15
Strikeouts per game	Lary: Del 12.3	Newcomer: Ch 13 T
ERA per game	Kenneth: E9 1 T	LaRue: L8 9 T
Runs per game	Wynon: Del 2.5	Kenneth: SF 2.9
THE BEST HITTEES		
Percentage	Reisen: Del 251	Apkins: M4 261
Home runs	Edwards: Wash 36	Reisen: Ch 25
	Clay: Del 11.5	Reisen: L7 48.4
	Reisen: Del 11.5	Reisen: M4 24
	Kubler: Wash 24	
Runs scored	Tost: Del 91	Reisen: Ch 105
THE BEST PITCHING DUELS		
Game	Cleveland 3-0	Grinnell 5-1
Fewest outs	Cleveland 3-0	San Francisco 3-0
Most hits	Cleveland 5-0	San Francisco 5-0
Fewest out hits	Cleveland 3-0	San Francisco 3-0
Most RBIs	Cleveland 16	Minnesota 14
Fewest out RBIs	New York 0-6	Minnesota 0-6

TEAM LEADERS:

	Rating	Home	Points	
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Cle	Fan	106	Yokels	17
Cin	Moon	101	Columbo	14
Det	Woodring	124	Ironhides	13
KC	Shaw	100	Shaw	12
Det	Kamm	251	Maple	15
KC	Marty	219	Marty	14
Min	Spawls	118	Jewett	14
Wash	Adams	107	B-Rodriguez	16
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
LA	Coyne	215	Coyne	20
St	Leach	172	Leach	19
ML	Ranger	167	Matthews	16
Pitt	Burrows	306	Stinner	14
Cle	Chaplin	111	Reaves	15
Cin	Polshek	188	Reaves	17
Chi	Cannington	245	Reaves	12
Pitt	Leaves	266	Reaves	13

Travel relative through Solar day, August 11

COMING EVENTS

August 21 to August 27
All times are E.D.T.

■ Color television ■ Television ■ Network radio

Friday, August 21

- BOATING**
I-65 Lightning champs, final day, Gross Pointe Farms, Mich.
Newport Trophy race, Newport, R.I. (through Aug. 22)
- BOXING**
■ Ray vs. Clay, light-heavy, 10 rds., Philadelphia, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- FOOTBALL** (pro, preseason)
■ Baltimore vs. New York, Dallas, 11:30 p.m. (CBS)
Washington at Los Angeles (K)
- HORSE RACING** (prelim)
Monterey Make game, \$50,000, Windsor, N.Y.
- SHOOTING**
Grand American Trapshoot, Vandalia, Ohio (through August 25)
- WATER SKIING**
East Water Ski champs, Lacrosse, N.H. (through Aug. 23)

Saturday, August 22

- BASEBALL**
■ Boston at Detroit, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)
■ San Francisco at Philadelphia, 3:35 p.m. (CBS)
■ Los Angeles at Pittsburgh, 1:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- FOOTBALL** (pro, preseason)
■ Chicago Cardinals vs. Pittsburgh at Austin, Texas, 10 p.m. (ABC)
Chicago Bears vs. Philadelphia at Boston, N.J.
Cleveland vs. Detroit at Akron, N.Y.
- HORSE RACING**
Arlington Handicap, \$100,000, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.
■ The Travers, \$15,000, Saratoga, N.Y. (HBS) * (preliminary)
American-National Maturity trot, \$42,000, Cairo, Ill.

Sunday, August 23

- BASEBALL**
■ Boston at Cleveland, 1:25 p.m. (CBS)
■ Pittsburgh at Detroit, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)
■ New York at Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOATING**
I-65 Stock Outboard champs, final day, Buffalo
- DOG SHOW**
Great Bitterton Kennel Club show, Great Bitterton, Mass.
- FOOTBALL** (pro, preseason)
Green Bay at San Francisco
- TRACK & FIELD**
U.S. 1500 champs, Buffalo

Monday, August 24

- BOATING**
Adams Cup, Rye, N.Y. (through Aug. 27)
N.Y. Raven champs, Cleveland (through Aug. 27)
- GOLF**
LPGA Women's Amateur, Washington, D.C. (through Aug. 25)
- HORSE RACING**
The Spinnery, \$50,000, Saratoga, N.Y.

Tuesday, August 25

- BOATING**
Hammacher Trophy race, unlimited hydro, Detroit (through Aug. 27)

Wednesday, August 26

- BOXING**
■ Stroh vs. Rodriguez, welter, 10 rds., Louisville, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- FINING**
I-65 Lightning, Bluffs Tournament, Kent, Ohio (through Aug. 26)
- HORSE RACING**
The Kentucky, \$50,000, Saratoga, N.Y.
Prevue Fut. Saddle, \$50,000, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.

Thursday, August 27

- BASEBALL**
■ Boston at Chicago, 2:00 p.m. (Mutual)
- GOLF**
LPGA Waterloo Open, \$7,500, Waterloo, Iowa
M.B. & O. Open, \$15,000, Milwaukee (through Aug. 28)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**
Olympic sports, 8 foreign games continue (through Sept. 1)

*No live-broadcasting

"THE GREATEST SPORTS GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD"



Shades of Autumn

TRACING an old dog new tricks is no more difficult than getting a devoted sportsman to change his style of hunting. For radical departures from traditional guns and gear always create controversy—and require the best of time to gain widespread acceptance with outdoorsmen.

Several years ago, for example, A&F included a revolutionary color in our selection of field clothes—hunting yellow. And it's still the subject of hot debates when hunters get together.

This new development was no idle whim—but the result of an extensive study of hunting safety, in which yellow was proved to be by far the most visible color in the spectrum. The classic red for game and upland shooting, these findings showed, is often difficult to distinguish from the greens and browns of the fall landscape.

When several states recom-

mended yellow clothes for certain types of hunting, a number of traditionalists resisted the change. Plenty of hunters wore nothing but red, some contended, and lived to ripe old ages.

Many hunters, confident in their own areas, have had no part of the red-yellow controversy. Quail shooters stick to distinctive white. And their quarry doesn't seem to object. But still hunters, since ducks and geese are wary and keen-sighted, conceal themselves in blinds with clothing the color of dead grass or in newer multicolor camouflage patterns.

While we feel that there is much to recommend hunting yellow, we respect a sportsman's right to his own opinion. So our world-famous stocks of hunting wear for men and women include all the traditional colors plus new hunting yellow—in styles and weights for complete comfort in every sort of weather.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

362 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS



OLD ARCHIE WOLFS HIS LAMB

Acting out an Aesop fable, Master
Moore retains his championship with
a knockout defeat of Yvon Durelle

by MARTIN KANE

YOU COULD COUNT on the thumbs of two boxing gloves the number of prizefighters now around who shine with the radiance of the old masters. One is Sugar Ray Robinson. The other is Archie Moore. Some few more are competent but even in their declining years these two, in victory or defeat, are magnificent.

The magnificence of Archie Moore was clear to see the other night in the Montreal Forum. In the very ring where last winter he had all but surrendered his light heavyweight championship to the clumsy but hard punching of Yvon Durelle, the hero of French Canada, Archie took instant and effective command. On that December night Archie was downed four times, then rose and, with a groggy gesture of *noblesse oblige*, knocked out Durelle. Downed four times on this August night, Durelle was unable to rise the fourth time and was counted out by Referee Jack Sharkey.

As Archie put it afterward, with the sweet venom of one who has been gracelessly annoyed by a peasant, "You should not enter a mule in a race at Santa Anita."

A few weeks before the return bout, Archie had dropped into Jack Dempsey's restaurant in New York to entertain a group of well-wishers with his prevision of the fight. He was seething at Durelle, who was saying absurd things about long counts and other vain tricks that, Durelle professed, cheated him of victory in their first fight. But Archie chose to speak of revenge only in parables. He recalled to his listeners Aesop's fable of the wolf and

continued

Photographs by Hy Perles

DURELLE'S FACE CRUMPLES (left) as Moore lands a right, one of four kinds of punches the champion used in knockout series. Durelle went to the canvas (right) four times.





TRIUMPHANT MOORE CORNER CONGRATULATES THE CHAMPION AS CHALLENGER DURELLE ROLLS UNNOTICED ON THE CANVAS.

OLD ARCHIE *continued*

the lamb, in which the lamb sought with simple logic to establish that he was innocent of wrongdoing to the wolf and, therefore, should not be eaten.

"I was drinking in the stream," the wolf snarled, as Archie remembers the quotes, "and you muddled it."

"But you were drinking upstream," the lamb replied so shrewdly.

"Well, I'm about to eat you anyway," the wolf quipped back at him.

Archie pondered a moment and then made his pronouncement.

"It doesn't matter what Durelle says," he proclaimed. "I'll eat him anyway."

Here and there you could find an excuse for Durelle's grumbling. The return fight had been twice postponed—once because Archie devel-

oped a psychosomatic condition of the right heel, caused by an excess of weight on his feet and resultant emotional distress at the thought of cutting out food altogether in the time left to him to get back down to 175 pounds. Then there had been a much more serious postponement because of an emergency mastoid operation on his wife, Joan, who recovered so well and so quickly as to be refreshingly present at the fight, a white orchid on her left shoulder matching the white bandage about her right ear. Only when the problem of his beloved's welfare was off his mind did Archie go back to training.

Durelle had his problems, too. He was, for one thing, getting a mere \$15,000 for a fight that was to pay Archie a fat \$175,000. Though this weighed on him somewhat, and led to financial sulking in his corner, he

shrugged it off at last—until he arrived at the Forum and found that one of his entourage had forgotten to bring the dice. Deprived of his customary crapshooting workout in the waiting time before a fight, Yvon glumly submitted to a deviate version of gin rummy.

A BREACH OF ETIQUETTE

Maybe he won at gin, or maybe it was the cheers of the partisan crowd, 11,555 of whom paid to get in, but he did seem inconspicuously cheerful before the bell. A gap-toothed smile darkened on his lips at a witticism of Trainer Charley Goldman, who had been specially hired to make a brick without straw, just as he had done with the awkward Rocky Marciano when Rocky was 27. The awkward Durelle is 29.

"Once he gets hit," Charley said



MOORE'S MANAGER, JACK KEARNS, STRIDES PAST YVON TO JOIN IN FESTIVITIES

after the fight, "this fella forgets everything you tell him."

Durelle did in fact show some signs in the first round that he had had a taste of kindergarten schooling. He carried his right hand professionally tucked against his left jaw and he threw two combinations—a 1-2 and a 1-3-1. He also crouched a bit. That was all, Archie won the round easily with rights and lefts to the head.

Then Durelle made his first mistake. He went on punching after the bell. This breach of etiquette ruffled Archie. He went glowering back to his corner and in the next round, though one of the three judges (referees do not vote in Montreal) gave it to Durelle, Archie taught Yvon his manners, slamming him with rights and lefts to head and body. Durelle threw a lot of punches, too, and they may have influenced the minority

judge, but they landed mostly on Archie's crossed arms. One left hook to the body did clearly hurt Moore.

The third round ended it. Moore went out to finish the fight, partly because Durelle had hit him on a break in the second round, partly because the day has come when Archie's years make it dangerous for him to prolong a fight. After hashing Durelle with a succession of three-punch combinations he delivered the key blow—a hard left hook to the heart which, short of his knockout deliveries, is as punishing a punch as the learned Archie knows. It so weakened Durelle that moments later he was almost helpless when Archie caught him with a left-right to the head that put him down for a nine count. Up again, a left uppercut sprawled him through the lowest rope, and he

stayed down for another toll of nine. By this time he was so unsteady that a mere left jab sent him staggering backward through the ropes. He was, furthermore, dim-witted enough now to be up at six, instead of taking a full, head-clearing count of nine. The final knockdown was on a smashing right to the head. Virtuoso Archie had used four different punches to put his man away.

After the fight, in a futile effort to escape the swarming press, a despondent Durelle retreated to a small cubicle in his dressing room and sat there wiping his tear-dimmed eyes.

"I'm just no good," he wept, as he had wept when Moore beat him in their first fight. "I was useless, no good for nothing. My conscience is hurt more than anything else. It won't be too long before I retire. Two more matches and I am through. There is no more future now. I am heartbroken. Sick, sick, sick."

But then, he thought, he might just try the heavyweight division, where there would be no problem of weightmaking. The idea seemed to cheer him.

In Archie's dressing room there was postfight joy among his handlers and friends but the master himself was playing it cool.

"Frankly," he said, relaxing in the white brocade silk robe he had worn into the ring, "I anticipated some little discomfiture in the early rounds until I could strike a damaging blow. I would have enjoyed a savage brawl until the last few rounds."

In or out of the ring, Old Archie is magnificent.

END

CHAMP'S PRETTY wife, Joan, climbed into ring to share husband's victory



NICE BOYS, BUT NO MATCH

The battle-wise Colts teach the College All-Stars a lesson and prove the pros can win this game when they want

by TEX MAULE

THIS mild-mannered young man sat hunched over a thick, rare steak, munching happily and listening to a three-piece band play progressive jazz.

"I prefer classical music," he said reflectively through a mouthful of steak. Then, in answer to a question, "I expected the worst and it happened."

The mild, hungry young man was Lee Grosscup. A couple of hours earlier he had risked life and limb quarterbacking the College All-Stars against the Baltimore Colts in hot, humid Soldier Field in Chicago. The worst which had fulfilled his expectations was the 29-0 beating the Colts handed the All-Stars. Grosscup had

performed well enough under the circumstances; the circumstances, in this case, were something over a half ton of Colt linemen, under whom Grosscup and the other All-Star quarterbacks spent a good deal of the evening. The Colts proved conclusively that which really requires no further proof: any time the pro team cares enough in this annual charity game, it can beat the All-Stars about as it pleases.

This is no reflection on the All-Stars and certainly none on the very capable All-Star coaching staff, headed by Otto Graham. The 1959 All-Star team was not as good as the 1958 squad, which beat the Detroit Lions, principally because it lacked speed.

At a pregame banquet, when someone finished a speech by remarking, "May the better team win," Graham replied, unhappily and prophetically, "It probably will."

The reasons for the All-Star defeat are fairly simple. First, the collegians could never contain the massive Colt defensive line. As the game wore on, Graham, who had been sending out four and five receivers on pass plays, kept more and more men in to block. Even when he had seven blockers protecting Grosscup, or Baylor's Buddy Humphrey, or Michigan's Bob Patacek, or Washington's Bob Newman, the Colts poured through. The All-Star quarterbacks, always hurried and often in the grip of Colt linemen when they threw, could never mount an effective passing offensive. The All-Star running attack shattered against the same line.

Although it is doubtful that the All-Stars could have done much better

COLT QUARTERBACK JOHN UNITAS (16) SENOS LENNY MOORE (34) ON A SWEEP AROUND ALL-STAR FLANK FOR A SUBSTANTIAL GAIN



under any conditions, they suffered a disastrous blow to their morale late in the first quarter from which they never recovered. With Grosscup at quarterback and the All-Stars moving as well as they ever did, Houston's Don Brown started a pass pattern and was smashed to the ground by Colt Linebacker Bill Pelington. So severe was the impact that Brown swallowed his tongue. He lay on the ground, jerked spasmodically and finally stopped breathing. Only frantic work by trainers and doctors saved his life. By the time he was carried from the field and taken to the hospital, the game had been delayed 15 minutes, the All-Stars were completely demoralized, and they had been deprived of one of their most effective running backs. A couple of plays later, on fourth down, the All-Star center lofted the ball high over Punter Dave Sherer's head into the end zone and past the end line for an automatic safety, giving the Colts a 2-0 lead which mushroomed to 29-0 in the next 18 minutes.

Given time enough to compose a sonnet on every pass play, Baltimore Quarterback Johnny Unitas picked holes in the eager but often inept All-Star defense. He threw almost casually to Jim Mutscheller, Raymond Berry and Lenny Moore, three of the best receivers in professional football. Once, to add to the confusion in the ranks of the All-Star pass defense, he threw to Halfback L. G. Dupre for one of the three touchdown passes he brought off.

By the time the half ended, the game was over. In the second half Colt Coach Weeb Ewbank took a long look at his rookies and tried out Ray Brown at quarterback. Brown will have to backstop Unitas this season, now that the Colts have dealt George Shaw to the New York Giants. Working with a second-string line and backfield, he seemed good enough, although no one can deny that he is fortunate in having a secure job as a defensive halfback.

Incidentally, the All-Star scouting reports had listed Brown as vulnerable on defense. Brown plays a deep back in the Colt secondary; against the All-Stars he was all over the field, knocking down innumerable passes

Continued on page 12

TYPICAL Colt finesse shows in pass attack, as Mutscheller, all alone, reaches for ball.





THE DODGERS

In a unique poll, players from five noncontending National League clubs predict an upset

by ROY TERRELL

IT USED to be that a man could step into any barbershop or bar and, for the price of a shave and a haircut or two short beers, find out who was going to win the National League pennant. But no more. Things are so mixed up these days even the cab drivers aren't sure.

The sportswriters have all made their predictions, changed their minds and made them again. Television and radio commentators waver, between commercials. And the players on the three contending teams are no help at all; each is supremely confident of victory. Well, anyway they're pretty sure.

In Milwaukee, fans say the Braves are still the team to beat—which is exactly what one might expect in Milwaukee. But in Los Angeles, where they booed the Dodgers last year, they now look upon Duke Snider and that monstrousity of a screen with affection and blow trumpets when the heroes appear. The least of San Francisco's troubles is the pennant (the Giants are a shoe-in); they're more worried that the new ball park may not be ready for the World Series.

So, last week, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED decided to ask the members of the five National League teams that are apparently out of the race how they thought this thing would come out; buffeted about for more than four months, they should have a good idea by now. And aside from Cub Ernie Banks, who thought the Chicago Cubs would win, and Pirate Bob Skinner, who voted for the Pittsburgh Pirates, they did. They liked the Braves, the Giants and the Dodgers. All three. Of course, ballplayers get haircuts and ride in taxicabs, too. They have even been known to go into bars.

The poll did produce a winner, however, and according to the more respected bookmaking houses, the players picked the long shot of the

SHOULD WIN IT!

three. The Dodgers, said the also-rans, will win the pennant. Not the Giants, who were leading when the poll was taken, nor the defending champion Braves, but the Dodgers, who finished seventh last year.

In individual balloting, the Dodgers received 42 first-place votes, the Braves 37, and the Giants 35. In voting by teams, the Phils, Reds and Cubs said that Los Angeles would win. The Pirates were strong for Milwaukee, and the Cardinals made San Francisco an overwhelming choice. In most cases the voting reflected the results of the season series between the voting teams and each of the contenders. The Giants have clobbered the Cards with regularity, so the Giants were the choice of the Cards. Pittsburgh, which has played well against the other two, can't beat Milwaukee, so the Pirates voted for the Braves. Only Cincinnati chose to be different; the Reds, who have a legendary losing record against the Cards, voted for the Dodgers, a team they had beaten 11 times.

Disagreement seems to center on the merits of the three pitching staffs, considered by almost every ballplayer questioned as the key factor in a tight pennant race.

"Los Angeles," said Harvey Haddix of the Pirates, "has got the pitching."

"Down the stretch," said Richie Ashburn of the Phils, "good pitching every day is important and Milwaukee has it."

"San Francisco," said Al Dark of the Cubs, "has three topflight starters in Antonelli, Jones and Sanford. The spot they're supposed to be weak in, they're not weak."

Here is some of the stronger testimony in favor of each club:

FOR THE DODGERS: Gene Freese, Phillies: "Los Angeles has the top pitching staff: four good left-handers and reliable right-handers, good relief men in Labine and Fowler. The Dodgers are becoming accustomed to that park, taking advantage of it now. They have good infield defense, and Gilliam showed me he's one of the best at third. The club's not giving up many runs, so good pitching

can carry it all the way. If Mays doesn't hit, the Giants might as well forget about the pennant. He has to get on base a lot."

Jim Brosnan, Reds: "Los Angeles can beat Milwaukee and San Francisco. San Francisco can't beat Milwaukee or Los Angeles. And Milwaukee can't beat Los Angeles. *Good catch, dismount and win.*"

THE PLAYER POLL

	DODGERS	BRAVES	GIANTS
PIRATES	3	13	4
CUBS	11	8	8
REDS	13	8	8
CARDS	4	5	15
PHILLIES	11	8	5
TOTALS	42	37	35

FOR THE BRAVES: Gene Conley, Phillies: "I like Milwaukee because of its experience of going through pennant races the last three years. The Braves have a dependable starter or two more than the Giants or Dodgers, including a couple of 20-game winners who thrive on work in the stretch. Milwaukee has a better schedule than Fresno. And remember, the Braves didn't fall back despite the serious losing streak."

Richie Ashburn, Phillies: "Milwaukee will win because of its power—Mathews and Aaron—and that good pitching, starting and relieving. The Braves don't have to hit too much

with their kind of pitching. Adeock is a good streak hitter and can carry a club in a stretch drive."

FOR THE GIANTS: Bob Friend, Pirates: "If Fresno wasn't going to win it, they wouldn't be up where they are now. They've got speed and they haven't any injuries. Several guys are having their best years—Cepeda and that kid Bressoud at shortstop. McCovey has picked them up. And they've got depth, enough depth in pitching for the tough games. Sanford, Jones and Antonelli are great and McCormick isn't too bad, either."

Hal Smith, Cardinals: "Those Giants have the best pitching, hitting, defense and speed. They aren't afraid to take a chance and use their speed, especially Mays and Kirkland. Ed Bressoud is a big difference at shortstop. The Los Angeles hitting isn't as good as the other two clubs', and the L.A. defense isn't up to Fresno's. The Braves still have weak spots at second base and in left field."

Johnny Temple, Reds: "If Sam Jones keeps winning, they'll win the pennant. He's the key man. Sam can beat anybody. They wouldn't miss any guy like they'd miss him. They expect Antonelli to win. He's going to win, but they have to have someone to go with him. Los Angeles can be handled by a left-hand pitcher. It's not a good club against a left-hander. The Giants can throw Antonelli and McCormick against them. Drysdale will have a tougher time against the Giants than Antonelli will against the Dodgers. The Giants can put left-handed hitters in against Drysdale."

END



CONTRARY PREDICTIONS on pennant race are made by Philly Teammates Gene Freese (left) and Gene Conley, Pirates Pitcher Bob Friend (right). Freese picks Dodgers ("top pitching"), Conley the Braves ("experience"), Friend the Giants ("depth").

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Brian Seed

The Mostest Mariner

IN ANCIENT TIMES the world's greatest mariner was a Greek named Odysseus. Today the world's No. 1 mariner is still a Greek, but now he is named Stavros Spyros Niarchos (see cover). There are probably lots of other people who think they are more yare than Niarchos, but consider this man's qualifications. First of all, Niarchos, whose name translates roughly as "boat commander," commands more boats than anybody else. The world's biggest independent shipowner, he directs an awesome armada in which one of the smallest vessels is the 190-foot schooner *Creole*, shown on these pages. Besides owning all these boats, Niarchos is a shrewd and dedicated man of the sea. He first spotted *Creole*, a relic of the days of superyachts, rotting in the mud of an English shipyard. He bought her, and within a year she had become as fine a yacht as ever sailed, worth \$2 million to a prospective buyer whom Niarchos turned down flat,

not because the offer was too small, but because *Creole* is the hub of his nautical world. In summer he lives aboard, cruising the Mediterranean and the Aegean. Each morning from her radio room he checks on his worldwide shipping interests, then goes topside to take the helm. Under his orders the 38-man crew musters to make sail. If the wind is right they set the soaring spinnaker shown at right and *Creole* becomes the embodiment of ancient legend, sliding down the blue Aegean, her sails high and light and lovely, the largest private sailing vessel in the whole world.



Rising like a spider into the great web of "*Creole's*" rigging, a crewman in his bosun's chair swings aloft to check the fittings at the head of her Terylene spinnaker



Hauling down yacht's largest sail, young crew of "Creole" brings all 9,300 square feet of her translucent Terylene spinnaker tumbling onto foredeck under the watchful supervision of their officer.







Sleeping peacefully after a hard day's work, crewman stretches out on sail furled over the "Creole's" bowsprit

The Chaos in Boxing

***Power Struggle Is a Free-for-All, With
The Law Viewed as Ineffectual Referee***

Guard Is Put On Rosensohn

Gambler Linked in Fight Inquiry

***Hogan Probes for Link
Between 'Mob' and the Fight***

***Hogan Hunts Witness
In Title Fight Probe***

***Liston Quizzed
On 'Mob' Link***

Ingo: 'Clean Up Mess in N. Y.'

Rosensohn Mum on Link to Gamblers

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES REFLECT THE AILMENTS OF BOXING, INVESTIGATIVE CONCERNS OF N.Y. DISTRICT ATTORNEY HOGAN

NEEDED: HONESTY AND COMPETITION

BOXING HEADLINES have swept the nation in bewildering profusion in recent weeks, and the sports fan should be pardoned if he stopped reading the individual stories and sat back to wonder what is actually responsible for the sport's chaotic troubles.

One certain conclusion is that boxing has been a dirty business because the people in a position to influence it expect it to be a dirty business. For a generation, too many men with responsibility for boxing have accepted mob influence, monopoly and evasion of the laws with a mixture of resignation and cynicism. The latest voice to conclude that boxing must continue to be a nether-world operation run by iron-fisted Caesars is, appallingly, that of the good old *New York Times*. "The antitrust court action that ended the monopolistic power of the International Boxing Club has spawned the current chaotic state of boxing," said the *Times* in a six-column review of the boxing situation the other day. "The destruction of Jim Norris' IBC opened the boxing business to 'all manner of interested parties and avareicious outsiders,'" and the sport will be in trouble until "untrammelled free

enterprise by dilettantes gives way again to a legally sanitary monopoly." So said the *Times*, observing also that boxing "lives in a world of its own."

This is to assert, in effect, that there are some areas of American life in which principles of freedom, law and competitive initiative should be ignored. It both reflects and illuminates the present situation in boxing, in which the promoter of the Johansson-Patterson fight has acknowledged that he felt obliged to "compromise" and go looking for financial support in backroom conferences with gamblers.

Even with a multimillion-dollar possibility on his hands, Bill Rosensohn obviously felt that he could expect no help from the kind of sportsman investors who have proved a boon to, say, Thoroughbred racing, baseball and professional football. Nor is the reason surprising, for what assurance could Rosensohn have given a Jock Whitney, a Phil Wrigley, an Alfred Vanderbilt or a Gussie Busch that they too might not end up before a grand jury being asked about the associations that a boxing investment had forced on them?

Boxing can well envy such self-

vigilant American sports as racing, baseball and football, which have attracted, on the strength of their wholesome modern histories, some of the nation's top businessmen as investors.

What would it take to open this golden gate to boxing's future? It would take a realization by those in a position to do something about it that the laws of the land apply to every person and every sport. State athletic commissions must first have the men and the means (most state commissions sadly lack adequate investigative staffs) to enforce state boxing laws. Only if alerted state officials fail will the time come to talk of federal control.

Existing laws are designed to guarantee, via licensing requirements for fighters, managers, trainers and promoters, the probity of boxing itself. Once assured of probity, sportsman investors could and would be expected to risk capital in this potentially sound and lucrative field. And boxing would not be "in a world of its own." It would have become a praiseworthy part of the American sporting scene.

END



SENATOR Henry M. Jackson led his staff in a softball game against the office of Senator Russell B. Long. At stake was a case of Louisiana shrimp against a case of Washington salmon. The game ended in a tie at 2-2.

VICE-PRESIDENT Nixon went to College All-Stars, dressing first after game against the Colts, showed passing form in delight of overtime passing great, now All-Star coach, Otto Graham. (For more Nixon, see page 41.)

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

CHANGE OF PACE FOR BUSY MEN

IN AUGUST, when the searing sun has broiled the very will to work and the worker as well, a great vacation exodus permits some flight from the intolerable. But what of those whose roles allow them no such brief summer sanctuary precisely when it is most needed? A Vice-President when national affairs demand round-the-clock attention, a Senator when the Senate stays in session, a heavyweight champion when his concerns become a monumental maze, a contender training for a title bout—what do they do to offset the season?

One good remedy is a change of pace. And so last week found the Vice-President in a football locker room, the Senator in baseball flannels, the champion at the wheel of a Ferrari, and the contender using a baseball bat to bash the hide of a punching bag.





CHAMPION Ingemar Johansson, sports car buff in spite of near-serious accident last month, took a Ferrari on demonstration drive at race in Falkenberg, Sweden with comely Birgit, curls blowing in the wind, seated alongside.



CONTENDER Gene Fullmer, training for his middleweight title fight against Carmen Basilio, used a baseball bat (Willie Mays' model) for exercise against the bag. He says it strengthens his shoulder muscles and aids pivot.

CHAMPIONS IN THE MAKING

THE RECENT, weedlike growth of 16-and-under swimming matches has been almost as fast as that of the young sprouts who participate. Age-group country club meets, once ends in themselves, are now frequently but the first step toward larger, club-vs.-club competitions. Typical of such meets (that sometimes reveal Olympic prospects) was the one last week in Connecticut's Fairfield County. Close to 600 children, freckled, towheaded, brown, plump and skinny, the best divers and swimmers from 17 clubs in the county, gathered at the New Canaan Field Club and for three days thrashed through the water with nearly as much style as enthusiasm. When it was all over, the host club added up the points, discovered that its own young members, taking advantage of the home pool, had won the team prize.

Photographs by Hans Knopf



GIRLS IN 10-AND-UNDER FREESTYLE EVENT SAIL OFF THE DIVING



YOUNG DIVERS, 13 AND UNDER, AWAIT THEIR TURNS OFF ONE-METER BOARD. STYLE WAS UNIFORM IN ITS IRREGULARITY



BLOCKS DURING THE QUALIFYING TRIALS AT THE FAIRFIELD COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS



SHORE HAVEN'S John Sutton finished fifth in the 10-and-under freestyle.



NEW CANAAN'S Marion Jordan won 10-and-under backstroke in fast 19.4.

RIVERSIDE'S short-clipped Candy Hapgood was third in 7-and-8 freestyle.



NOT YET DRY BEHIND THE EARS, THREE BATHING BEAUTIES FLASH PIN-UP SMILES



LISSEME BEVERLY BAKER FLEITZ FOLLOWS THROUGH ON A VOLLEY AT SEWICKLEY IN MATCH SHE WON FROM ANGELA MORTIMER

BEV AND KRISH HAVE A WEEK

THE BRITISH really expected to keep the Wightman Cup this year. The Australians expected to have no trouble with India's improvised team in the Davis Cup intersession finals at Brookline, Mass. But the week brought forth some unexpected headlines: Beverly Baker Fleitz of Long Beach, Calif., 29 and mother of two, beat Britain's Christine Truman to regain the Wightman Cup for the U.S. at Sewickley, Pa., and the brilliant young (22) Ramanathan Krishnan of Madras gave the Australians a chill on their way to the Davis Cup challenge round.

Of the two surprises, Bev Fleitz's was the more consequential. Her victories over Angela Mortimer and Miss Truman led the U.S. to its 4-3 match victory. Krish defeated Australia's Rod Laver (runner-up at Wimbledon) with a mastery that had elderly spectators murmuring about Bill Tilden. Obviously tired, he dropped his final match with Neale Fraser and the Indian threat expired.

PERSONABLE INDIAN. Ramanathan Krishnan, flashes well-earned wide smile after upsetting Australia's Rod Laver at Brookline.





This interpretation of Robert the Bruce, Scotland's Prince of Warriors, at the Battle of Bannockburn, was painted especially for Chivas Regal by the artist Phil Hays. It vividly reproduces the effect of mosaic—the art form of ancient Byzantium, later highly developed in Italy.

Sovereign in flavor, 12 year old Chivas Regal is the glory of the Highlands...and the most wanted premium Scotch whisky in America.

CHIVAS REGAL
12 YEAR OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

Scotland's Prince of Whiskies



By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, Purveyors of Premium and Scotch Whisky CHIVAS REGAL LTD. of Aberdeen, Scotland, Established 1801.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY NEW YORK, N.Y.

LA NOUVELLE GÉOGRAPHIE DE L'AUTOMOBILE
or, how to make your driving fun again. **LA VILLE:** The car for city living. Only 155 inches to park and maneuver. Smart, designed-in-Paris lines. Elegant, made-in-France touches. He-and-she glove compartments; sophisticated sliding sun-roof (optional extra).

LES SUBURBS: COMPACT. YET ROOMY. FOUR DOORS. BIG 7 CU. FT. TRUNK UP FRONT. IDEAL FOR GROCERY-ING, TRAIN-ING, SCHOOL-PICKING-UP. NEVER A SNOW-STALL.

La Province: Long-range seating comfort (owners report less driving fatigue on long hauls than in their former cars). Long-range economy, too. Up to 40 mpg. Fewer and cheaper maintenance bills. High resale value.

LE COAST-TO-COAST: OVER 850 AUTHORIZED RENAULT DEALERS WITH FULL STOCKS OF PARTS-A REGULARLY SCHEDULED AIR-LIFT FROM FRANCE KEEPS STOCKS FULL! FACTORY-TRAINED (AND PERIODICALLY, FACTORY-REVIEWED) MECHANICS AT EACH DEALER'S. [IN CANADA, OVER 150 DEALERS.] STOP IN AT THE NEAREST RENAULT DEALER AND SEE HOW MUCH FUN IS WAITING FOR YOU.

Le P.O.E. New York: where suggested price is \$1645.* Not too much more in other places.

Le Car Hot: RENAULT Dauphine

*STATE AND LOCAL TAXES EXTRA. FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE SEE NEAREST DEALER OR WRITE RENAULT, INC., TWO THIRD AVENUE, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

ALSO ON OVERSEAS DELIVERY PLAN



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Disenchantment of a Champion

THE ugly mess surrounding the promotion of the Johansson-Patterson fight, which gave Europe one of its rare heavyweight champions, has gravely injured America's sporting prestige abroad.

Scarcely a person involved, except the two fighters, emerges with honor. Now, as Promoter Bill Rosenzohn, who first shed light on the situation in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* two weeks ago, returns from the French Riviera, cutting short his vacation, to answer questions of a New York grand jury, Ingemar Johansson repeats in *LIFE* this week his disillusionment with the American boxing scene and adds that to a degree this disenchantment now extends to Rosenzohn. He repeats the fact that Rosenzohn introduced him at a Paris meeting (SI, Aug. 17) to Truman Gibson, president of National Boxing Enterprises, the court-created successor to the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president). Ingemar declares he wants "nothing to do with the shady IBC," which he has always despised almost as much as has Floyd Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato.

Ingemar has every good reason to be disenchanted with the situation. He has one solace. He is the heavyweight champion of the world, and it is in his power to see that the next Johansson-Patterson fight is promotionally as clean and open as the blue skies of Sweden.

Special Correspondent

AS every man in public office well knows, chances are good he will someday be out. Thinking ahead for himself last Friday, Vice-President Richard M. Nixon told the Football Writers Association in Chicago: "After

I finish my term I could, of course, become a lawyer. But if I had the choice—and if I had the ability—there is nothing I would rather do than write sports." By questioning his ability, however, Dick Nixon was selling himself short. And a few hours later, at the Colts-All-Stars football game, he proved he already has the sportswriter's credentials of observ-

ance, analysis and, to be sure, political tact.

From a 50-yard-line seat in Chicago's Soldier Field, the Vice-President watched the game with animated interest, followed each play closely and frequently stood up to cheer an exceptional run or pass. In the third quarter, with the All-Stars trailing

continued



"Just in case I get asked to a game."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

29-0 (the final score), David and Dewey Graham, sons of All-Star Coach Otto Graham, came to Nixon's box. The boys gave him a football autographed by each of the All-Stars. Nixon thanked them, then, noting their visible unhappiness, said soothingly: "Now boys, tell your dad not to worry. These Colts are just too tough." A few minutes later a man from the Colt cheering section next to Nixon said to the Vice-President: "I sure hope our yelling hasn't bothered you, but we just love our Colts."

Said Nixon: "Not at all. Those Colts are great. You just tell them to take it easy when they play the Washington Redskins. I'm a Redskin fan, you know, but you have a fine team. You have a right to be proud." That was almost too much for the Baltimore man, who shouted back: "Mr. Nixon, you sure converted a lot of Democrats just then."

After the game Nixon went to the All-Star dressing room, there shook hands with his old friend Otto Graham. "You were up against a great team," he said. "Your kids were scrapping to the last minute and that's what I like to see." The dressing room was crowded, hot and littered with discarded football gear and towels, but Graham yelled for his players to line up to meet the Vice-President. Nixon walked down the receiving line of men—some dressed, some undressed, some dripping wet—shook hands and spoke with each. "I hear Indiana's going to be up this year," he said to Indiana's Mike Rabold. "Seeing you, now I know why the Boiler-makers were so good,"

he said to Purdue's Nick Mumley. To Utah's Lee Grosseup, introduced by Graham as "our Ernest Hemingway," Nixon said, "Yes, Lee, I enjoyed your article in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*."

Well, now Grosseup, who wrote for us in the August 10 issue (*Private Life of a Forward Pass*) gets his chance to examine the sportswriting style of the Vice-President. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* invited Mr. Nixon to set down his quick summary of the game he had just watched. He agreed—dictating it in a pacing stroll with our correspondent—and here it is:

By RICHARD M. NIXON

This is a Colt team that, barring injuries, will probably go all the way. Now, of course, I haven't seen the other teams yet, but it is hard to imagine any team effectively stopping the Colt offense for very long. The Colts have a great quarterback combined with three ends and two halfbacks who are excellent pass receivers. In addition, they have a driving fullback and speedy breakaway runners.

The college boys were simply unable to halt the balanced Colt offense, and when the All-Stars had the half they lacked the stuff to move it. The injury early in the game, when Halfback Don Brown of Houston suffered a concussion, was a tremendous psychological blow for the All-Stars. Of course, the All-Star Game is always difficult for the college boys. They haven't worked together long as a team nor had they had much time to learn the new plays.

But the team this year, compared with last year's team that beat De-

troit, had one major lack: the team this year did not have a great breakaway runner like Bobby Mitchell. The passing looked good, especially the flat passing, but the team was weak on receivers, and the running simply was not fast enough. One thing you have to hand to the All-Stars is that they scrapped all the way.

What all of this points up is the fact that pro football is an exciting and superb game and demands a high level of training and skill. Now in the regular pro league, if the Colts had been playing the Giants, the Colts' 29-0 lead at the half would not have been overwhelming. With a passer like that Old Man Conerly and a breakaway runner like Gifford, the Giants could have come back and tied or perhaps won the game. But what we may be seeing in the Colts is one of those great pro teams, like the Cleveland Browns of a few years ago, that has gotten to the top of the heap and is going to stay there for a long time.

Mr. Blandings' Dream Stadium

LAST MAY, when the San Francisco Giants were in fourth place, it didn't seem to matter much that work on Candlestick Park was going slowly. Compared to Walter O'Malley's frustrations with Chaves Ravine, Horace Stoneham's troubles were minor: he let San Francisco build him a beautiful \$10.5 million park, which he obtained on a 33-year lease, paying only \$125,000 a year rent, with Stoneham to receive all concession revenues. True, there were certain disquieting happenings that called to mind the sleepless ordeal of Mr. Blandings building his dream house. The architect, John Bollen, forgot to provide for a backstop. The contractor, Charles Harney, who contracted to do \$7,045,000 worth of work on the stadium, did not think of it right away either. A backstop is going to cost somebody, maybe the city, maybe the contractor, maybe even Stoneham, an extra \$45,000. But that has been trivial, more of a joke than anything else, bringing up suggestions that customers behind home plate wear catcher's masks and chest protectors.

They Said It

HELVIN KRULEWITCH, New York State Athletic Commission chairman and former Marine Corps general, peering at the barrage of affidavits laid down in the current series of boxing controversies: "Two Jews was never like this."

ARCHIE MOORE, light-heavyweight champion, accurately forecasting his kyo of Yvon Durelle: "I think a knockout looks so beautiful in a championship watch."

AMOS ALONZO STAGG, 97, on why he sent back the gift of a power mower, intends to keep cutting his lawn with a hand model: "I didn't want them to take my source of exercise away from me."

Last week, however, San Francisco was looking forward to a World Series, and the slow progress on Candlestick Park became nightmarish. "The biggest disgrace we could possibly suffer is not to be ready!" cried Mayor George Christopher. "Those boys are playing their hearts out for us!"

Horace Stoneham revealed that until May he had expected to be in the new park by July. Candlestick Park (named for Candlestick Cove) is being built by Stadium, Inc., a non-profit organization which borrowed \$2 million in private capital, gave Contractor Harney 5% tax-free notes for his work and some land, and made up the rest with a \$5 million city bond issue. Season tickets for games in the old Seals Stadium (capacity: 24,000) were delivered only through half the season, under the belief that 1959's remaining games would be played in the new park. Next, the move was postponed to September. When a local paper reported that the betting was 2 to 1 that Candlestick Park wouldn't open in September, Harney offered to take all such bets.

But in a 90-minute crisis session in Mayor Christopher's office last week, the heat that could be promised was that the new stadium would be partly ready for the World Series, in the event the Giants win the National League pennant.

"There is nothing involved here," said Contractor Harney, "that somebody spending some money can't help."

"We have had problems of everything under the sun," said Architect



Mayor Christopher. "I'll put some pressure on them!"

"Now, wait a minute, George," said Harney. "Let's not get those American Seating Co. boys in it. They're O.K."

"I want that stadium ready!" cried Mayor Christopher. "By God, I want that stadium ready!"

At the end of the meeting, it seemed likely that 34,000 of the 48,000 seats of Candlestick Park will be ready for occupants by World Series time. Of course, the Giants could easily erase the whole mess by losing a few games and dropping out of the pennant race. But nobody in San Francisco expects them to do so.

Lacrosse Expedition

NO ATHLETES are more zealously dedicated to their game than lacrosse players. When Gene Corrigan, who coaches lacrosse at the University of Virginia, heard that the sport is entrenched in Australia, it seemed only natural to gather a group of

American players and, in a mixed spirit of missionary zeal and competitiveness, offer to send them 10,000 miles to demonstrate how lacrosse is supposed to be played. Love to have you, said the Aussies, and last month two dozen eager young Americans from the University of Virginia and Washington & Lee reached Australia for a barnstorming tour. There were surprises all around.

The Australians got Surprise No. 1 as they watched the Americans jog onto the field at Perth. Protected only by padded cloth caps and wrist-length gloves themselves, the Aussies wondered why their guests were wearing fiber-glass helmets, face guards, forearm-length gloves, shoulder and body padding. "Are they going to box or play lacrosse?" asked one baffled official. He got his answer when the Americans went into action, swinging their sticks with carefree abandon and, in classic North American fashion, throwing their opponents almost as often as the ball.

continued



Bolles. "But the contract calls for an arbitrator to settle disputes while the contractor continues working. Charley hasn't done that. He only ordered the last batch of seats yesterday, and with the steel strike and all. . ."

"It wasn't yesterday," growled the contractor. "It was last Friday."

"Who got the contract?" asked

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Surprise No. 2 came to the Americans in Adelaide. Word of the North American style of play had spread, and Adelaide's lacrosse teams eagerly decided to adopt it themselves. They flailed away with their sticks, alternating this tactic with a little inventive kicking and tripping not strictly called for, even by the North American style. The Americans retaliated, and the Aussies in their less protective costumes began falling on all sides. Though the Aussies clearly lost the free-for-all (seven of them checked in at the hospital), they did persist long enough to win the game. They beat the Yanks in the next game too, and narrowly lost a third.

The crowd response to the games provided Surprise No. 3. Some 4,000 fans attended the series in Perth, while crowds of 3,000 and 4,000 watched the two rugged Australian victories in Adelaide. And the last game of the tour, which found the Americans (who had won eight out of 10) facing the Australian All-Stars in Melbourne, supplied the topper. An almost unheard-of lacrosse crowd of 10,000 saw the Aussies stagger away with a hard-fought 8-to-5 victory.

All in all, Corrigan and his colleagues felt that the trip was an unqualified success. They had developed great respect for the Aussies' doggedness on the playing field, and had learned something of the crying need for agreed international rules. So enthusiastic are they that plans are already being made for another such round within the next couple of years. Here, it seems to us, is a good chance for somebody to come forward with an international lacrosse trophy. Nobody had ever heard much of international tennis, either, until Dwight Davis put up his big silver cup.

Drought and the Duck Season

FROM early spring until last July, no rain fell on the Saskatchewan prairie, breeding ground for millions of mallards, canvasbacks, pintails and other ducks—85% of the North American total. Sloughs and pot-holes that had not been dry in 20 years were baked, waterless depressions covered with the dried stubble

of bulrushes. Ordinarily those rushes were part of the emergent vegetation in which ducks nested above the water, safe from predators. Only a million and a half water holes remained; ordinarily there are 5 million to 10 million of them. The number of broods was estimated as 71% below average. The number of ducklings to a brood was the smallest ever recorded. Canadian authorities were alarmed about ducks, but they had even more alarming prospects to consider: if it did not rain before July 1, the half-billion-dollar grain crop would be lost. As for American opinion on the prospects for ducks, the head of the wildlife department, Daniel Janzen, said "We can always hope some miracle will occur" (SI, June 29).

By July 1 a miracle of sorts had occurred. In two joyful, soaking days four inches of rain fell, saving the Canadian grain crop, filling the streams, turning the brown landscape a vivid green. And the ducks? No one seemed to want to speculate about them. Ducks Unlimited of Canada ventured cautiously that the outlook was a little improved, if only because "many broods that would have died through lack of water have been saved," and said that much rain last May would have made a great difference. While American and Canadian authorities conducted a joint survey of the breeding grounds by plane all through July, the Sports Fisheries and Wildlife Service of the Depart-

ment of the Interior kept silent, refusing to discuss a shortened season, a curtailed daily bag limit, or—as some conservationists urged—no duck season at all in 1959.

Last week both the Canadian and the U.S. seasons and limits were announced, and the drought toll of the duck world received official recognition. In Saskatchewan, whose 70,000 hunters ordinarily kill a million ducks each fall, the daily limit was cut to seven (it was 12 last year, 15 the year before). In southern Saskatchewan, the season was shortened by three weeks. The hunting area of 14 lakes and marshes, running southwest from Saskatoon to the U.S. border, was entirely closed. Alberta cut the daily bag limit to seven, possession to 21 (down from 40) and shortened the season by about three weeks. Quebec and Ontario cut the daily limit to six.

The reduction in the U.S. was more drastic. A complicated optional system worked out by the wildlife service permitted the states to choose their own limitations, but these ran from 20- to 40-day reductions in the duck season. New York, Maryland and the other states in the Atlantic Flyway, for example, may take a 40-day season, with a daily limit of four and a possession limit of eight, or a 50-day season with limits of three and six. Last year the season ran 60 days (down from 70 in 1957), and an 80-day season was once normal. The same alternative is offered in the Mississippi Flyway; where such states as Minnesota and Louisiana have the same choice of 40- or 50-day seasons, but the reduction is greater because their seasons were longer in the past. In the Central Flyway there can be a 50-day season in 1959, with bag limits of four and eight, or a 60-day season with limits of three and six, as opposed to a 75-day season before, with limits of five and 10. The Pacific Flyway was unaffected by the drought. "We have attempted to cut the duck kill by one-third to one-half in all flyways except the Pacific," Janzen said. "Even though certain restrictions are essential, we have attempted to spread the shooting so that some hunting can be provided for all hunters across the country." **END**



On Croquet

The wickedest game
Still can be fun,
Provided it's played
With mallets toward none.

—DANIEL E. BUTTON



The 49th Frontier

Rifle in hand, a wilderness before her, Virginia Kraft takes her first look at the rugged beauty of Alaska, America's new state. Its hardships are many, she reports, but the sportsman's reward may well be a record.

Turn the page for her exclusive survey





After the hunt Alaska adventurers Lieut. Colonel Lew Wright of Des Moines (left), William D. Vogel of Milwaukee and Michael Finnell of Calgary relax with the author over cards and conversation in September sun.

The 49th Frontier

Alaska: Hunter's Challenge

by VIRGINIA KRAFT



BASE FOR SAFARI WAS RAINY PASS IN HEART OF BIG-GAME COUNTRY

A COLD WIND blew off the Bering Sea and swept across the western fringe of the barren Alaska Range. The air was sharp with approaching autumn, and above the ragged mountaintops scattered clouds drifted eastward. From a ridge in a vast panorama of rock I looked at the wilderness stretched before me. Here was Alaska—the continent's last great frontier.

It was the 20th of August, the beginning of the biggest and the best big-game hunting season in the United States. The day before, I had flown into Anchorage, and from there by floatplane to Rainy Pass Lodge, headquarters for the next three weeks of hunting. My guide was Dennis Branham, who with his brother Bud operates Rainy Pass in the heart of one of the finest game areas in the 49th state.

There were six in our party—John Schroeder and his son, Nick, from Milwaukee; Earl Jensen, from Seattle; Bill Vogel, also from Milwaukee; his son-in-law, Mike Finnell, from Calgary; and myself. Although we had all come primarily for the big bears of

Alaska, the bear season did not open till Sept. 1, and first we wanted to hunt sheep, moose and caribou.

For sheep hunting, Mike, Nick and I, with our guides, flew out from the lodge to a tent camp at Valeska Lake (see map page 42) 3,000 feet above sea level in the Alaska Range.

Opening morning of the big-game hunting season was bright and clear. With Dennis Branham I started out for the mountain area northwest of the lake, hoping to find a trophy ram. The most likely spot to begin our stalk was the ridge which towered above camp; but because it was so steep, the only way up was a zigzag seven-mile detour around the far side of the mountain.

This was my first experience with Alaskan mountains. Hunting goats in the Rockies, I had made longer climbs to higher altitudes, but none was as difficult as this. In the Rockies of Montana there are still patches of growth for handholds at 9,000 feet. Here, at little more than 4,000 feet, there is nothing but chalky gray rock and a long drop down. The climbing

is even more difficult because of hip boots—most of the guides wear them, and the hunters (particularly the first day out when they want to look as though they know what they are doing) usually follow suit. I did, and in six hours produced 17 blisters.

We reached the crest of the mountain in the early afternoon. Spread beneath us was a scene so beautiful that the long weary climb was suddenly forgotten. It seemed as though we were sitting on top of the world (see page 36) and that all of it was made of rock.

For the next several hours we prowled along the mountain ridge, scanning the peaks around us for signs of sheep. We saw none within shooting range. By 6 we were at a point directly above camp. There were only a few hours of daylight left; certainly not enough to take the long, winding route home. Our only choice was to travel straight down the steep mountain face and cut back across the valley.

We started down, following a shale

continued



ARRIVING BY AIR AT SHEEP CAMP, HUNTERS START TO UNLOAD FLOATPLANE ON SHORE OF VALESKA LAKE HIGH IN ALASKA RANGE

ALASKA *continued*

slide so precipitous that we were unable to see to the bottom where it fell away into timber line. The first 20 minutes were easy going. By leaning my weight into the mountain and digging my heels into the loose shale, I found I could move with fairly good control of direction and speed.

Then, with nightmare suddenness, the situation changed. Dennis let out a shout as his feet slipped and he skidded on his back down the rock. It seemed like minutes before he stopped and twisted his head around to look up at the place from which he had slid. By now we were only about 300 yards above the first sparse shoots of timber line, but between us and safety was an expanse of smooth, almost vertical rock. There was no way of getting back up the mountain, and the way down looked impossible.

Balancing on a tiny outcropping, Dennis turned around on his stomach and told me to do the same. Moving by inches and literally clawing into the rock with fingernails, we began to traverse the mountain face. Dennis moved a foot and stopped; I did the same. Thus we progressed for a few minutes while fear built up inside me. Then suddenly I was sliding straight down the rock and grasping for anything to break my descent. Three times this happened, and each time whatever projection stopped my fall was so slight I couldn't even see it.

The third time I felt I had reached the end. Over my shoulder I saw boulders and jagged rocks clustered at the timber line some 200 yards beneath me. I realized that I was at the

edge of panic. For an instant I felt a desire to close my eyes and let go. But with the strength that comes from fear, I took a deep breath and moved on. My mind shut out everything but the patch of rock before me.

We were two and a half hours coming down that 300-yard slab of rock. No mountain we met subsequently was as dangerous; nor was this one really typical of Alaska. But all of the mountains were rough. The country is big and wild, and unlike some of the other top hunting areas of the world, there is no easy way to take game. If anything, this makes Alaska more desirable to sportsmen—certainly it is a challenge—but this is no place for anyone who is not in top physical condition.

RAMS AND ROASTS

We stayed in camp three days, and during that time I saw 24 sheep at decent shooting ranges. All but four, however, were ewes, and not one of these had a big enough curl to consider shooting.

Mike and Nick found the situation different. On the third day Nick staggered into camp after dark, weighted down by a fine full-curl ram and tales of three others as good as the one he had taken. Mike got one, too, but we didn't know it until the next day. By the time he had skinned out his ram it was already growing dark. He and his guide were about eight miles from camp on the wrong side of a swollen glacial stream. They bivouacked there rather than risk an after-dark crossing and the possibility of meeting a curious grizzly in the thicket.

They got into camp with the trophy at 5 the next morning, only hours

ahead of a storm sweeping out of the north. With the ominous warning of the sky's sudden change, we hastily packed our gear and flew back to Rainy Pass.

After several nights spent in drafty tents and cold sleeping bags, the lodge looked like paradise. It is certainly not at all what hunters expect to find—or generally do find—so far from civilization. The lodge is not one hut a series of several log buildings. There is a cookhouse with kitchen, freezers and dining room; a series of cabins where the guides live; and a marvelous guest cabin, with bar, gun room and, the greatest luxury of all, a bathroom with steaming hot water.

The food also was excellent. Mimi, the head cook, a spritely little French grandmother who habitually wore garish "leopard skin" leotards, produced wonderful dishes of sheep and caribou (both fine meats), but my favorite was rare roast of moose—really a meal to remember.

While Mike, Nick and I were settling down at the lodge, the other half of the party suffered a casualty in the rough terrain of sheep country. John Schroeder, after shooting a ram, broke his leg and had to be flown to the hospital in Anchorage. As he was carried into the plane, he made brave promises of coming back to finish the hunt, but it seemed obvious to the rest of us that he was through for the season.

Now that early snow flurries were beginning to cover the mountaintops and make flying through the pass dangerous, it didn't look as though I'd get in any more sheep hunting. The remainder of our safari, therefore, centered around Ptarmigan Valley, a great expanse of tundra which

separates the lodge from Rainy Pass, 20 miles away. This was an entirely different kind of hunting from what we had found in sheep country. Ptarmigan Valley is about six miles wide, rimmed on either side by snow-capped mountains. Years ago, in winter, the old dog-sled trail from Anchorage to Nome passed through the valley, and its impression can still be seen in the tundra. In summer the valley is a series of rolling hills and hummocks, surprisingly like the African plains in sweeping beauty. But walking in this valley is like walking on marshmallows. We sank up to our ankles at every step and were lucky to make two miles in an hour.

The rain, which fell without letup for almost the whole time we hunted, made maneuvering even more difficult. It also brought out uncountable numbers of huge, hungry, biting insects.

In spite of these discomforts, however, the hunting in Ptarmigan Valley was terrific. Mornings we flew out 10 or 15 miles from the lodge to Halfway Lake (see map page 42) or to one of the other small ponds scattered across the valley. Most of them were just big enough to land the Taylorcraft or Piper, and take-offs were often pretty hair-raising. From there we would walk cross-country until we found a high spot where we could stop and look over the terrain.

There are few other places in the world where as much big game can be seen in a single day. On any afternoon, Dennis and I might count half a dozen black bears foraging in the blueberries, or spot a cow moose bathing in a swamp, or a grizzly browsing in a thicket. But the most numerous animals of all are Barren Ground caribou, and there are thousands of them in Ptarmigan Valley. In late August most of them are still in velvet, and the rich, dark brown of their antlers is a striking contrast to the brilliant white of their capes. They travel in herds over the tundra, prancing and high-stepping in such a smooth and graceful gait that it looks almost as though their antlers are floating above them.

In the first few days' hunting out of the lodge I looked over at least 300

caribou and didn't find one with a head I considered good enough to shoot. For a Putnam County, N.Y. deer-stalker, accustomed to hunting a whole season just to get a glimpse of a buck, this is an amazing experience. Often I could lure a whole herd within 30 yards of us just by waving a white handkerchief and snorting on an animal call.

At the end of the first week I held the uncontested title of chief animal caller, but I was also the only one who hadn't taken a trophy. Finally Mimi decided to do something about it. At breakfast on the seventh day she gave me a gold bracelet inscribed "This too shall pass" on one side and "Nothing is impossible" on the other. We had no sooner left the dining room when we spotted two dark specks on the side of nearby Round Mountain. Caribou on this mountain are rare, but there were two that morning and in the glasses they seemed better than any we had seen in the valley.

We headed for them on foot. By 11 we had worked to a point on the mountaintop above the caribou and started the stalk. When we got close, a series of hills and gullies obscured everything but their antlers. Neither was a record but both were superior. The larger of the two looked just right.

I crept downhill to within about 50 yards of where they were grazing, then stood up fast, sighted quickly on a patch of shoulder and fired. The

animal vanished, then came loping over the top of another hillock. Just as I started to level my rifle at him again Dennis yelled, "Don't shoot. That's the other one." The second caribou, bewildered by the sudden loss of his companion, trotted in circles around the hill, stopping periodically to stare at us.

The skinning was finished by 2 in the afternoon. With what I could pack in a single trip, Dennis estimated he could get the rest of the animal down the mountain in two hauls. From there we could hike to the lodge and drive the tractor back to bring out the meat. He felt I'd be safer waiting for him on the mountain while he took the first load down. He left with instructions "to keep my rifle loaded and my eyes open." This was all I needed for a case of jitters.

The peculiar terrain of Round Mountain made it impossible to see much more than 50 yards in any direction. We had passed a lot of fresh bear sign on the stalk up, and the scent of a freshly killed animal combined with the abundance of blueberries made the area particularly attractive to undesirable visitors. I decided if I sang and made a lot of noise I would scare off anything that might wander by. The problem was that I can't sing, and anyway I couldn't remember anything but the first line of *On Top of Old Smokey*. For the full time Dennis was gone I paced a sentry's circle, shouting that at the top of my lungs. By the time Dennis returned I could greet him with only a hoarse croak.

We were back in camp by dark and spent the rest of the evening toasting the trophy and Mimi's good-luck charm.

Two days later, however, I saw a caribou which made mine look like a baby. He ambled out of a cul-de-sac and down to a stream not more than 1,000 yards from where Dennis and I were sitting at the edge of Ptarmigan Valley. His head was immense, with double palms and a spread and thickness of astonishing proportions. The wind was blowing from him to us, there was ample cover for an easy stalk, and the caribou had evidently decided to

continued



FIRST TROPHY of hunt taken by the author, shown above with Guide Dennis Branham, was Barren Ground caribou.

spend the rest of the day at the stream. Everything was perfect, except for one fact. I had already taken a caribou. Technically, the Alaska license permitted three, but morally I couldn't justify shooting a second one. There was only one legitimate reason to do so—if this animal was the world's record.

For hours Dennis and I studied his head, mentally measuring it by Boone and Crockett Club standards. This is more difficult than it sounds, because the world record caribou is not necessarily one with the biggest head. It is determined by a complex point system in which more than 40 different measurements are evaluated for the final score. A head which nets 350 points qualifies for placement in the record class; the world record itself is 474 6.8 points. Ours would have to beat that score to win the prize.

In the pouring rain, eaten by bugs, we peered through our glasses and added, subtracted, divided and then started all over again. "That left beam should go to 60 inches," I said to Dennis.

"Umm. Right one too, probably," he whispered back.

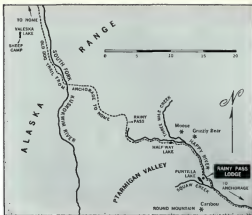
"Let's call them both 60 even. What about the width of the top palms? Think they might make seven inches?"

CONSCIENCE AND CARIBOU

All the while, the caribou continued to browse, never once looking in our direction. Finally I wiped the mist from my binoculars, squinted at the antlers again, and with one last, wistful look at the caribou's beautiful head decided not to shoot. It was a hard choice to make.

It turned out, however, to be the right one—for my conscience and, unexpectedly, for Bill Vogel. That night we described the caribou to him. From its description and location, Bill felt certain it was the same animal he had stalked twice before. Next morning he located it, still waiting exactly where we had left it. The head he brought back was not the world record, but it was nevertheless the finest caribou taken out of Rainy Pass in several seasons.

On the same day I shot a moose. Just after landing in Ptarmigan Valley we spotted an antler reflecting sunlight from the dense foliage at the base of the north mountains. An hour



HUNTING AREA ranged from rolling tundra of Ptarmigan Valley to rugged mountains at sheep camp on Valeska Lake, 50 air miles northwest of Rainy Pass Lodge. Map shows places where author shot caribou and record-class grizzly and moose.

later we were on the high, south bank of Happy River, a fast glacial stream which separates the tundra from the slopes. Through the spotting scope the single antler we could see looked good. But the country it was in didn't.

"Not worth it," Dennis said, "unless we get a better look at the whole head."

"Let's call him," I suggested, and pulled out another of my strange collection of calls. Dennis found himself a couple of sticks, and the two of us crouched behind a bush, banging on the sticks, bugling on the horn and periodically grunting and groaning like sick cows. The scene was so ludicrous that half the time we were laughing too hard to control our moose music. But whatever it sounded like must have reminded the old bull of something, because finally he pulled himself to a standing position and gave us a perfect view of both antlers. Immediately we started in on Boone and Crockett mathematics again.

"Good one," Dennis said, and I said, "Let's go."

We crossed the Happy River, then fought through a stretch of alders and cottonwoods, waded another river—invariably every river I crossed in Alaska was two inches over my hip boots—and finally came out at the base of the mountains. We didn't ex-

pect the kind of country we found.

The brush, which in our glasses had looked two and three feet high, was anywhere from five to 11 feet, all of it grown into a tangled wall. The slope was only reasonably steep, but visibility was zero. We had a rough idea of where the moose should be but were forced to zigzag to make any progress. Several times we came upon patches of grass, but these, like the brush, grew over a mass of dead and broken limbs.

"We probably stirred him up with all that calling," Dennis whispered. "So don't be surprised if he comes barging out on top of us. They can be mean when they want to be."

Suddenly the dense thicket broke abruptly onto another grass patch. Immediately there was a snort and a loud breaking of brush. Dennis yelled, "Here he is," and I flung up my rifle and fired. Everything happened in a matter of seconds, but I remember the form of a huge brown animal, the heavy sound of his hoofs and a tremendous thrashing of brush as he disappeared into the thicket.

The shot was a mistake. We had not been charged, as I had thought in the moment of Dennis' shout. We had stumbled unexpectedly almost on top of the moose, and in his surprise the animal ran for the nearest escape. But my firing had been reflex, triggered

continued

ANOTHER WAY RCA
SERVES YOU THROUGH
ELECTRONICS



The second most prized possession of Don Budge

Any tennis player would envy Don Budge's most prized possession. It is the Sullivan Memorial Trophy he won for making the Grand Slam of tennis. In one year, 1937, he captured the British, French, American and Australian men's singles championships.

And any tennis fan would envy Don's second most prized possession, an RCA Victor Color TV set. For 1959 Davis Cup play will be telecast in color on NBC-TV, August 29 and 30.

Being able to enjoy sports in color is just one reason Don

Budge prizes Color TV so highly. He likes its exciting difference, the stunning color picture, the year-round enjoyment, the pride in owning the finest television there is. Good reasons why Color TV appeals to more and more people like Don Budge. People who lead the colorful life.

Today, Color TV is right and ready for you. See a demonstration. See the fine black-and-white picture—and the wonderful difference color makes. Prices as low as \$495.

SEE DEMONSTRATION OR ORDER IN A RETAILER OR THROUGH A CREDIT BUREAU

There is no picture. See your local dealer. Any retailer of RCA Service Co. offers nearly added full price down. (Black and white TV, \$199.95; Color TV, \$495.00). Price subject to change without notice.



RCA VICTOR





A company can't wiggle a finger and expect people, like marionettes, to dance a jig over its products. But if that company can offer them better products, better service and better value, they will move of their own free will—to become customers.



Gulf Oil Corporation

by the tension of the stalk, and the shot was poorly and hastily aimed. Though we searched the area for the next several hours, there was nothing to indicate that the moose had been hurt. When finally we had to abandon the search or not make it back to the plane before dark, I left with the terrible feeling that I had wounded an animal and failed to recover it.

There was still a little daylight left when we got to the plane, so to put my mind at ease Dennis flew over the area and circled it low. About a mile from where we had hunted I spotted another flash of light down in the thicket. It was too much to hope that this was the same moose. I pressed my face against the glass for a better view. It was my moose. He was lying down in the side of a brushy culvert and across his back was a dark stain. It didn't make me feel any better to think of him suffering through the night.

The next day we went back. The moose was still there. Although it was unlikely that he would move, we dared not take the chance of alerting him into another disappearance. The stalk was even more difficult than the day before; the wind was against us and the brush worse. We came at last to a hill about 70 yards from the animal, the only place which seemed high enough to see over the thicket for a shot. From this position all I

could make out was part of his back.

"Take a shot," Dennis whispered. "There's no other way to get closer without putting ourselves right in his path."

I fired at the ground in front of him and the huge animal let out a grunt and clumsily staggered to his feet. As his head came into view between the trees I fired again at the neck. He went down, then started up once more. Our sole objective now was to end his misery as quickly as possible. We each fired a shot and then started moving in, using the scraggly trees as cover. When we were about 20 feet from him, he got up one last time and lunged toward us, swinging his ponderous head and snorting. It took two more bullets to kill him. The moose proved to be a record-class trophy, but instead of elation at such a prize I still felt miserable about the way I had gotten it.

There were several days yet to go before the opening day of the bear season, and we already had all the other game we wanted to hunt. We decided to spend these days fishing. Besides being in one of the finest game areas in Alaska, Rainy Pass Lodge is only a 20-minute flight from half a dozen excellent fresh-water streams. In fact, many sportsmen come to Alaska each year just to fish and never even bring along a rifle.

Landing the Taylorcraft on a small lake, we could walk less than a mile and find ourselves in a fly fisherman's

dream world. Rainbow trout are more numerous here than sunfish at home, and even the smallest ones I took were bigger than any I had ever caught around New York. In a half-mile stretch of water, from a dozen pools along the shore, we took and released more than 30 trout. Grayling were even more fun to catch as far as I was concerned. They sometimes have a habit of leaping straight out of the water and trying for the fly on the plunge back down. Hooked, their runs are fast, often erratic, and generally wind up in a series of acrobatics.

These fishing jaunts always produced enough fish for a big breakfast at the lodge, and on opening day of the bear season Mimi sent her charges off stuffed with trout, grayling and steaming-hot biscuits.

For brown bear hunting Bud flew Earl and Mike to another Brannan camp down on the Alaskan Peninsula. The rest of us were interested in grizzly and remained at the lodge.

The technical difference between an Alaska brown and a grizzly, as far as hunters are concerned, is determined by geography. This probably doesn't make much sense to a lot of bears, but over the years there was so much confusion about correctly classifying browns and grizzlies that Boone and Crockett finally ruled any brown bear taken within 75 miles of tidewater was an Alaska brown, and those taken beyond 75 miles were

continued

WHAT YOU NEED FOR AN ALASKA SAFARI

The best guarantee of a successful Alaska hunt is a good outfitter. To choose a reliable one (the 49th state does not require guides to be licensed), begin inquiries a year in advance and check all references. Average daily rate for an outfitter is \$150—high, but game and weather in Alaska can be dangerous, and you'll want a good man with you. The fee covers all living and hunting expenses, local transportation—usually by small plane—and exclusive services of a guide for each hunter. A nonresident big game license, including permits to take caribou and one brown or grizzly bear, costs another \$146. Round-trip air fare (first class) from New York to Anchorage is \$547.97, from Los Angeles to Anchorage \$383.03. Excess baggage should be sent by air at least six weeks before the hunt.

The Brannans recommend a .360 H&H Magnum as the best single weapon for Alaska hunting. Its trajectory is flat

enough for long shots on sheep, yet the loads are powerful enough for big animals. Fit it with a shoulder sling and bring along cleaning materials to protect it from rain. A telescope sight is valuable mainly for sheep hunting. I used a 2½- to 8-power BALVAR, but a 4-power scope is adequate. Choose a good detachable mount so you can switch to iron sights quickly. Most guides carry 30-power spotting scopes, but binoculars are still essential. My Bausch & Lomb 7 x 35s weigh 18 ounces and are exceptionally sharp in poor light. Ammunition can be purchased in Anchorage—the best place is Van's Sporting Goods on Fourth Ave., which also carries fishing tackle, local flies and outdoor gear.

Be sure to bring a pair of hip boots. Those with canvas uppers are less cumbersome than rubber ones; with either kind, make sure they fit at ankles and heels, because you will do a lot of walking—in 15 days of actual hunting, I covered

more than 160 miles on foot. If your camp has electricity, a cheap hair dryer (\$3.98) is excellent for drying insoles of waders and boots. Take along a waterproof parka with hood (the kind made for skiing is lighter than conventional hunting parkas and, I think, more comfortable), at least three pairs of wool pants, several sweaters, insulated underwear, and leather gloves to protect hands in brush and on mountains. Since small planes are the usual means of getting around, travel light. I found two soft-sided nylon cases (\$12.95 each) were no heavier than duffel bags and easier to pack and handle.

The Brannans will make an 800-foot, 16-mm. color movie of your trip with copy, titles and sound for about \$509 complete. They will also ship trophies C.O.D. from camp to taxidermist. My bear hide, caribou head and moose antlers cost \$165 to ship to New York. The bill for mounting is still to come, but exclusive of taxidermy, the 20-day hunt with transportation costs about \$4,500.

grizzlies. There are subtle but recognizable differences between the two when they are set side by side; and without doubt an occasional brownie must find himself on the wrong side of the 75-mile line. As a general rule for classifying the two species, however, this one is probably as good as any. For my part, I wanted a grizzly with a passion, perhaps because I had hunted them hard and unsuccessfully in Montana.

The day before the season opened, John Schroeder arrived back at the lodge from Anchorage, his broken leg encased in plaster from foot to thigh. At the hospital he was given a pair of crutches with sharp-edged springs on the ends for walking over snow and ice, but these, we were assured on the side, were strictly to keep up his morale. There was little chance of his walking around on dry ground, let alone on snow. In the excitement of his arrival and the anticipation of the next day's bear hunt, we sat until late into the evening recounting our adventures, describing our trophies and the abundance of game we had seen in the valley. Maybe it was the talk or the Scotch, but John sat back in his chair and secretly started to plot how he, too, could do some hunting.

After we left camp the next morning, he acted. He cut apart a pair of waders to make a waterproof cover for his cast, got a guide to hoist him into the back of the caterpillar tractor and set off across the tundra. In the evening, when we returned to the lodge after an unsuccessful day, John was still gone. As we stood around the fire mixing drinks, we heard a

shout from outside. Over a nearby hill came the tractor, groaning under the carcasses of two caribou and a beaming though bedraggled John, waving a crutch and shouting at the top of his lungs. He and the guide had driven the cat to the side of a hill and waited, not talking, not moving, in the steady downpour of a typical late-summer Alaska day. Eventually a herd of caribou wandered by, and John, stretched across the back of the tractor, had hinged his barrel on the seat and taken aim. When he fired, not one but, incredibly, two animals dropped.

Later in the trip, when a moose browsed out along the rim of the lake on which the lodge was situated, John spotted it from the window. Grabbing up his crutches and rifle, he hobbled to the shore and fired across the water, dropping the moose. He didn't get a chance at bear, but in spite of his broken leg he managed to go home with three of the four big Alaska trophies.

HAPPY RIVER, ANGRY BEAR

My chance at bear came on the other side of the Happy River, the one place in Alaska I had hoped never to see again. Late one afternoon we spotted an enormous grizzly moving toward the remains of my moose kill. I wanted him even if it meant going into that thicket again. But the next morning what had seemed like a good idea was beginning to pall. One of the guides had flown over the kill and confirmed that the grizzly was on it. He was as angry as a bear can be because in the surrounding brush three other grizzlies and a black bear were waiting for a chance to move in.

I was scared. But in an all-male camp I couldn't very well play the

fainthearted female now. Against my better judgment, I smiled cheerfully and said, "When do we start?"

The answer was: right away. While Dennis got his gear together, I persuaded Mike Fennell, who had flown back from the peninsula with Lew Wright, a friend of the Branham's, to come along as an extra gun. There was something comforting about our being three, instead of two, against five bears in all that brush.

We crossed the Happy River and started on the same route we had taken to the moose. Along the way Dennis gave us a few words of encouragement: "If you see a bear—and the only way you'll see him is if he stands up or you hump into him—shoot."

"How can we tell if he really means business or is just curious?" I asked.

"If you see him, believe me, he's seen you first," he whispered. "Don't ask questions. Shoot!"

I think we would have fired at a falling leaf. Now Dennis, who usually moved so fast it was a race to keep up with him, tiptoed through the brush in slow motion. I kept walking up his heels, and Mike kept stepping on mine. Each time we stopped to listen we were all breathing so hard we couldn't hear anything else. Twigs snapped in my face, but I was so keyed up I didn't even blink. Finally we reached the little hill where I shot at the moose. There wasn't a sign of life anywhere.

After an eternity of waiting, we heard the cracking of bones and other sounds of a bear at dinner. Dennis got out his movie camera and started setting the lens. In sign language, I got across the idea that I couldn't care less about pictures at

SPINNING FOR RAINBOW TROUT IN STREAM NEAR CAMP, AUTHOR WEARS HAND GUN FOR PROTECTION FROM BEARS



the moment. I wanted that other rifle around if we found ourselves with a grizzly on our hilltop.

Then something black moved above the line of brush. My safety went off—and on again. In a triple whisper we said, "Black bear." The grizzly had evidently gone for water and the black had moved in. Fifteen minutes later we saw the black run off up the mountain in the peculiar loping gallop of a bear in a hurry. He had either winded the grizzly or us.

I sighted for the hundredth time down the barrel. Nothing happened.

It was a full 40 minutes after the black bear left that we saw the grizzly. He was on the kill again, stretching leisurely, with two inches of mahogany fur visible above the horizon of brush.

My heart turned over. Now the minutes dragged, and still we waited, three people hypnotized by a strip of fur. At last he moved, and a target-size mound of velvet came in sight. I drew in my breath and fired.

The bear disappeared beneath the horizon; then, standing on his hind legs, he threw his entire body into the air. I fired again, this time at the backhock. Again he disappeared, and again he rose above the brush, flinging his forepaws outward before he fell for the third time. There was no further movement. The noise of the shots still echoed across the mountain. Motionless, we stood watching the place where a giant had reared toward the sky.

WOMAN'S WHIM

Then we did a foolish thing. Without thinking we plunged headlong into the thicket. As I jumped off the hill, from the corner of my eye I saw a small tree skinny above the brush. "He's over there," I shouted, pointing to our right. "Don't be silly," Dennis called, "that bear's dead."

"No! I saw it move. He's still out there."

We stopped, and humoring a woman's whim, started walking abreast, slowly and with caution. We'd gone no more than 10 yards when directly before us another bush quivered spasmodically and was still. For an instant we were frozen in our steps. Then, realizing the helplessness of our position, we ran. On the top of the hill we huddled back to back, expecting the bear to come crashing out at us any minute.

"Guess he wasn't dead after all," Dennis said finally, and when I could



PRIZE OF HUNT for Writter Kraft was a record-class grizzly, with nine-foot hairs, here being stretched on lodge for drying by Dennis Brannham and Mike Finnell.

speak I said, "No." The three of us lit cigarettes and smoked them, and then we lit some more and smoked them. We whispered about what to do next and finally decided to separate, each covering about 10 yards of brush until Dennis reached a fir tree about 25 yards away. Every step was a nightmare. As Dennis neared the tree, Mike and I closed in on either side. Dennis climbed the tree, called down that he thought he saw something, and fired. We moved forward again. Then Mike shouted, "Over here," and we heard his rifle go off.

The bear was dead. He had been dead long before we left the hill the second time. But in the moments before he died he had made one last effort to strike back. Retracing his path, we realized that our own haste in rushing into the thicket had turned him in our direction. This carelessness had taken us within 10 feet of disaster.

He was a trophy of magnificent proportions. The hide squared out at more than nine feet; his skull, on which a record is determined, quali-

fied him well within the record class; and the pad on his hind paw was a startling 8½ by 12 inches in area.

I will not hunt another grizzly, because now I have shot one; but I class this animal with only two others—the elephant and the African buffalo—in the aristocracy of big game. I don't know if it is the size or the danger of the beasts which make these three so memorable. But I do know that in my encounters with each, more than in any others, I have been conscious of an absolute experience, an intense, consuming, dramatic involvement which demanded and received greater concentration than I have ever felt anywhere.

Alaska is still an unconquered land. It is wild and rough and dangerous. Statehood has given it the badge of belonging but nature has placed it apart. There is adventure for the sportsman here, richer and more fulfilling than anywhere else on the continent, but it is not given away cheaply, either in money or in effort. It must be earned—but it is rarely forgotten. **END**

A◦ Have a Gimlet made with Rose's Lime Juice

Making the Gimlet: 3 or 4 parts gin or vodka to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve over ice in either an old fashioned or cocktail glass. You'll find Rose's at food stores, package stores and restaurants.



IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



Q◦ What to do when you suddenly
get tired of the same old gin and
vodka drinks?



ALMOST DWARFED BY ITS OWN NUMBER, THE WINNING FIAT ABARTH PROVED THAT IT WAS A SCRAFFY AND ENDURING CHAMP

One-two punch from Italy

At Lime Rock, under a sun as scorching as the international competition, the Swedes quite unexpectedly lost a title

IN A TEST of time and endurance exaggerated by savage heat, two tiny Italian cars went the full distance at Lime Rock, Conn. last Sunday to knock out the Swedish champions at the Little Le Mans classic for small production cars. At the end of eight hours of circling the 1.2-mile track nestled in the Berkshire hills the Fiat Abarth Zagatos of the Team Roosevelt came in clear victors over Sweden's Volvos and Saabs, which twice in a row have taken on all comers in this Connecticut counterpart of France's big-car grind.

For the Fiats it was the climax of a season in which they have won all of their major races. Turning out some 47 horsepower from their small, 747-cc. engines (souped-up versions of the 600-cc. power plant in Fiat's 600 sedan), they fulfilled all the expectations of Chief Mechanic Jim McGee, who correctly foresaw the race as a long sprint in which his tiny charges would be going flat out all the way. All through the long, hot night before the race began, McGee and others had pondered the imponderables that lay ahead, tuning engines, adjusting mixtures, striving to foresee the various contingencies that eight hours of rhe-

umatic strain would bring under a blazing sun. Volvo mechanics decided to rely on thin-air carburetion with a weak mixture, tuning maximum efficiency into their distributors. Saab put its faith in normal operational tuning. McGee gambled that his cars would run fast and hot, and chose a rich mixture with little spark advance for cooler running. Other teams in the seven classes (six production, one Gran Turismo) tuned, checked, rechecked as the night wore on, testing the cars in quick runs down twisting roads, leaving staccato echoes rolling back and forth between the hills.

When the drivers lined up at 10 a.m. for their Le Mans-type running start, the temperature was already in the mid-90s. There was not even a breath of wind to cool the burning air. Hot as it was for all, it was almost unendurable for the Saab and Volvo drivers: to keep the water circulating better in their engines, they ran with the heaters on and emerged at pit stops looking florid and parboiled.

Volvo led almost from the start, and in the early hours of the race had every appearance of another Swedish sweep, with Art Riley and Bill Rutan leading as they had done for two years

in the same car and another Volvo close behind. Charles (Skip) Callanan and Roger Penske held third in an Abarth.

Another Abarth, No. 83, driven by Paul Richards, was an early casualty. Midway through the 8's it lost both wheel and axle. Stover Babcock came out to take over and managed to get the car into the pits, with parts stripped from a passenger car. Back in the race eventually, 83 crept up from last place to 17th, with Dick Stoltz and Ray Erickson driving. Richards, meanwhile, joined Ray Cuomo in No. 87, which performed very well.

PANCAKED PANNHARD

Dyna Panhard, the lone entry in Class E, seemed to be completely out of it when the car flipped in mid-race, with John Hearst Jr. at the wheel. The car landed on its top, was rolled back onto its wheels and continued the race minus windshield and back window. "It was the coolest car going," Hearst said later.

By mid-race, with the Riley-Rutan Volvo still leading, the Callanan-Penske Abarth had crept to second place, and Cuomo and Richards later backed them up in third place. Behind them, Volvos and Saabs alternated through the top 10.

Then, a little beyond the midway point, the pattern changed. In the

continued



FLYING WHEEL FROM VOLVO (PARTIALLY HIDDEN) SIGNALS THE BEGINNING OF FLIP



AT THE ABARTH PIT CALLANAN LEAPS FOR DRIVER SWITCH, AS MCGEE LIFTS HOOD

POST-VICTORY DUNK FINDS WINNERS PENSKE (LEFT), CALLANAN IN SALMON CREEK



254th lap Bill Rutan came into the pits complaining of spark trouble. He warned Art Riley that he could get nowhere near full throttle. Seven laps later Riley bumped sluggishly to a stop at the S turn and sat resignedly while officials pushed the car a little way back toward the paddock. Riley thought his clutch was gone for good, but to his surprise he got the Volvo moving again and went back to lap the course in 1:23. The assistance he had received by being pushed, however, disqualified him.

Thus Callanan and Penske moved into the lead in Abarth 84, with Cuomo and Richards still behind them. Chief Mechanic McGee pushed his cap back from his dampened brow. "They've got first and second now," he said confidently, "and all three will finish."

The Abarths held on through the rest of the hot afternoon, and at 5:30, half an hour before the finish, the die was cast. Walter Cronkite brought his Volvo in to change a wheel and allow Vern Bennett to take over. Bennett drove in third over-all behind the Abarths, placing first in the sedan class. In fourth place was a Gran Turismo Saab, privately entered and consistently well driven by Alan Dillenbergh and John Iglehart. "I think," Dillenbergh had said when the race was six hours old, "that we are going to beat the factory cars"—and he did.

Of the other entries, Skoda, the badly dented Dyna Panhard, Anglia, Saab 54-B and NSU Prinz, smallest of the small, all won class prizes.

The winning Abarth turned 334 laps at an average speed of 62.47 mph, covering 501 miles. "This race," said Lime Rock's technical director, John Fitch, "shows many important features of automobile design. These cars are just as they come from the factory—the way you and I would drive them on the road. If they pass this endurance test, they show the public what the economy product can do." To give the small car race added interest, Fitch had put in a sharp right-hand turn at the end of the straightaway which forced all cars to shift to lower speeds (otherwise some would have been able to go all the way around in top gear). With no casualties, relatively few breakdowns and 27 of 34 cars finishing, Fitch could be well satisfied that the Little Le Mans indeed proved what he hoped it would.

END



Take your pleasure the way Nature flavors it!

RELAX . . . this is the GENUINE! There's a wholesome differentness in the flavor of **CABIN STILL**. Your first taste discovers it. Comes from our century-old natural sour mash recipe. Genuine **COPPER DISTILLING**, in our slow-poke way, creates our special Bourbon. And **KENTUCKY WEATHER RIPENING**, in open-air timber warehouses, seasons it to a rare gentleness. Try it tonight, if you want **A Bourbon Man's Bourbon**.

Weller's
CABIN STILL
 Bourbon
 Kentucky Straight
 Bourbon

Distilled and Bottled solely by SUTZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, Fitzgerald Road, Louisville, Kentucky. Established 1840 • 86-51 Proof



Idea from Indonesia

**California Artist Lucile van Riemsdyk
surprises guests with a Far Eastern banquet**

In the tropical islands of Indonesia, halfway round the globe, rice is the mainstay of diet. As in other parts of Asia, native cooks have developed an enormous repertoire of spicy additions to this bland staple food to give variety to their meals from day to day. When a table is prepared for some special occasion the complexity of the banquet will usually far exceed anything known to the West. A ceremonial feast of rice includes anywhere from 20 to 45 side dishes—the whole assortment being carried to the seated guests by an equal number of *djongsos*, or "boys."

Talented, New York-born Lucile Brokaw van Riemsdyk, who signs her paintings as Lucile Brokaw, learned about Indonesian cooking in Holland and on travels to the former Netherlands territories in the Far East with her late husband, Dutch Art Expert Rombout van Riemsdyk. She has simplified the ritual of making *rustafel*—the word in Dutch means rice table—and adapted this exotic meal for serving buffet style when she entertains in the flowery patio of her house in Pacific Palisades, Calif. Mrs. van Riemsdyk's version of *rustafel* calls for a large platter of chicken and nine other side dishes. "I have to send away for three special ingredients," she says, "but the rest are easy to come by anywhere. The preparation takes time, so I usually start the day before. But the end result is reward enough—for it is a marvelous party that people enjoy because it is different."

Lucile van Riemsdyk is an artist of some standing, who will have a one-man show at the Esther Robles Gallery in Los Angeles in November. A sportswoman too (her father, Irving Brokaw, was U.S. national figure skating champion in 1908), she took up skin-diving "to get inspiration for my painting." Next, she decided she had to learn to cook the fish that she speared on underwater excursions. "Now," she told me, "I have become mesmerized by the cuisine of the Orient. I love to cook as much as I love to paint."

Rustafel is accompanied in Indonesia by palm wine, which is best replaced in this country by ice-cold beer. The most refreshing choice for dessert after this abundant feast is either a fruit ice or a preparation of chilled, cut-up fruit.

EXOTIC SETTING for serving *rustafel* is patio decked with Balinese fruit-and-flower arrangement, statue from Java and *two* *all* *at* *left* an *accompany* *company* by Mrs. van Riemsdyk. She is shown brooding sweet-and-sour *soil* *over* table stove.

Photograph by Laura Dahl Wolfe

MARKET LIST FOR A RUSTAFEL WITH 10 SIDE DISHES (serves 12)

2 to 3 cups uncooked rice	3 cucumbers; 4 tomatoes
5 chickens, frying size, cut up as for frying	2 lemons; 4 bananas
1 pound top round steak, chopped fine	1 cup shelled peanuts
2 pounds lean pork tenderloin, all fat removed	1 cup fresh grated coconut, or 1 can moist coconut meat
Granulated sugar; brown sugar	Fresh or dried marjoram, chervil and rosemary
1 package fine bread crumbs	Curry powder
1 pint milk, 8 eggs	Large bottle soy sauce
About 1 pound butter	Salt and pepper
Peanut oil or shortening	1 package freeze-dried onion*
3 medium-sized onions	2 small bottles sambal oelek*
1 head of garlic	1 roll tissue*

*Can be obtained from Mrs. Dr. Wildt, Box 25, Haring Estate, N.J.

Rice: Any kind of rice will do, if properly cooked so that every grain is separate. It should be served dry and fluffy.

Chicken: Sauté chicken pieces in butter till golden. Place in a roasting pan and add 2 cups of water. Sprinkle with the 3 chopped or dried herbs; season with salt and pepper. Cover, place in oven and bake for 1 hour or till tender.

Meat balls: Mix round steak with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs and 2 unbeaten eggs. Season with salt and pepper. Form into small balls and roll these in bread crumbs until coated. Sauté in butter till brown. Before serving, reheat for 15 minutes in a liquid composed of 1 cup each of soy sauce and water.

Beef: Cut raw pork into bite-size chunks. Make a marinade of the following: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of brown sugar and soy sauce; 1 teaspoon salt; juice of 2 lemons; yellow zest of 1 lemon cut in small pieces; 1 onion minced with 2 cloves garlic; $\frac{1}{2}$ inch fresh, minced. Soak pork pieces in marinade for several hours or overnight. Remove meat and sauté in a little butter till brown. Add marinade to the pan, cover and simmer for 15 minutes; then cool. Thread meat on skewers and, just before serving, broil these over a hibachi or under broiler of kitchen range. Serve hot, grouped around dish of reheated marinade in which the meat can be dipped.

Curried eggs: Hard-boil 6 eggs. Sauté 2 minced onions and 2 cloves garlic in 4 tablespoons butter in a heavy pan, covered, till soft. Add 2 tablespoons curry powder. Stir; cook for a few minutes. Mix in the milk, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 heaping teaspoons granulated sugar. Quarter the eggs and add to the pan. Simmer mixture for $\frac{1}{4}$ hour, and serve a little hot.

Bananas: Peel, split lengthwise and halve. Sauté in butter till browned and soft. Serve hot.

Peanuts and coconuts: Toast slightly in oven and serve either separately or mixed together.

Cucumbers and tomatoes: Serve them peeled, seeded, cut in convenient pieces, salted and chilled.

Sambal oelek: This bottled product, made of fiery peppers, is served in a small dish by itself.

Kroepok odang: These are small flat chips made of shrimp. They puff up to many times their original size when deep-fat fried, one by one, in hot peanut oil or melted shortening poured 2 inches deep in a pot. Fry till pale golden; then drain on soft paper. Prepared in advance, they stay crisp to be crumbled over servings of the *rustafel*.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

(circa 1959)



The first city is London. The second is not Paris—but New York. The tale concerns a group of men who have successfully continued a time-honored distilling tradition...to bring you *authentic* London Dry quality in the Gordon's Gin you buy. You'll find these men at the Gordon's distillery, where the world's finest Gin is produced according to the exacting specifications of a secret formula dating back to 1769. Enjoy Gordon's subtle dryness and delicacy of flavor in all tall, cool Gin drinks. Remember, too, the Gin that made the Martini famous...still makes it best!



FINEST SELECTED GRAIN & BOTTLING FROM GRAIN • 80 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LONDON, N. 4



BILLY MAXWELL, Odessa CC, Texas

Tip from the Top

Soft draw on the pitch shot

THE FELLOWS I play with on the tour frequently tell me that the best toe-to-green shot in my bag, aside from the "Texas wedge," is my pitch shot. It's a little different from most players'. I start the ball out to the right of the flag and try to float it in with a little left-to-right action on it. There's draw on the shot, all right, but it's a soft draw. The ball sits down at least as quick as a fade.

The reason I took to playing my pitches this way goes back to my boyhood. We had a lot of wind in the part of Texas I come from, and it was important to keep your ball low so your shots wouldn't get blown around. You have to hit a fade pretty high—higher than a draw—so I took to drawing the ball. This also tied in with my build. I was never a big fellow and I learned early that on full shots a hook would gohhlke up a lot more yardage for me.

But, as I say, this pitch shot isn't a hook. It's a soft draw. And it's a very good type of shot for a shorter fellow particularly to play, because he doesn't have to turn as much as a big fellow. On my hackawing on this three-quarters delivery my hands don't go too high. There's a shade more inside-out to the swing, but you must be sure to hit the ball down and through and finish the swing. Take some time at the top if you can and, above all, work to be compact. It sounds more complicated than it really is. It comes quite easily, and you can develop a lot of feel with this shot and very regular stroke production.



NEXT TIP: Bert Nieble on the start of the downswing



"Fantastisch"

Why the German lens makers are watching Bell & Howell. The capital of the lens world is gradually shifting from Europe to America. New electronic techniques and controls have in many ways surpassed the meticulous touch of the fine old craftsmen. At Bell & Howell, for example, the curvature of the lens (including the new zoom projection lenses) is now being held to within $1/200,000$ inch. This is precision. Close to absolute. That's why the *Meisteroptiker* are watching Bell & Howell. FINER PRODUCTS THROUGH IMAGINATION ► **Bell & Howell**



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

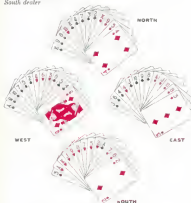
A good game of hearts

I HAVE a good memory for faces—especially those on a deck of cards. But in the course of a few hundred thousand bridge tables, I must confess that I have encountered a host of temporary bridge companions whose identity, to me at least, remains cloaked behind the anonymity of such names as West or North or East. Today's tale was related to me by Mr. South, and I'll try to tell it to you much as I enjoyed it at firsthand.

"You've played the game of hearts, haven't you, Charlie?" he began. I admitted that I had taken an occasional hand in that pastime, where the object is to avoid winning tricks which include hearts, because each one counts against you, and especially to avoid winning the queen of spades because that dark lady counts 13 all by herself. "Let me show you a hand that will remind you of that game—although of course it took place at the bridge table.

"I had eight hearts to the deuce," he began, as he took a deck of cards and laid out this deal:

*Neither side vulnerable
South dealer*



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	1♠	3♠	2♥
4♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: queen of diamonds

When a player describes his hand as "eight to the deuce" it usually means that he came up with far less than his share of the world's goods. So I was surprised to see that Mr. South had been reasonably well endowed by whatever goddess directs the distribution of pasteboards. His final contract of four hearts was quite reasonable, though, as events turned out, it would have been profitable for East and West to sacrifice at four spades. Although I had no financial interest in Mr. South's game, I am grateful that the opponents failed to do so, since it would have cost me this story.

"I haven't had so much fun on any hand since I played hearts," he continued. "I let the opening lead of the queen of diamonds hold the trick and West continued by cashing the ace of spades. Then he shifted to the six of clubs. Inevitably, I won with the ace and faced the dark prospect of a dummy containing three good tricks but with no visible means of reaching them."

One thing was certain: West did not have another diamond. Another inference seemed reasonable: since West had only one diamond, it was not unlikely that he held three trumps. Cashing the ace and king of hearts turned that likelihood into a certainty. But West was evidently a player of some hearts experience himself. He had no desire to win a trick with the queen of hearts when he would have no way to get out of his hand except by passing the lead to dummy—thus insuring that declarer would make his contract. So he dropped the queen of hearts under South's king!

Now you are able to see, as I did, why South began describing his hand as "eight hearts to the deuce." I'll let my friend South complete his own story.

"Here is where the fun came in," he chuckled. "To borrow an expression from the game of hearts, I 'stuffed' him in with the deuce of hearts and he was forced to give dummy the lead and let me win the rest.

"When West won a trick with his three of hearts, he looked like a man who had just had to pay for the queen of spades. . . . And he did."

EXTRA TRICK

Winning a trick conveys the privilege of leading to the next trick. But there are times when that privilege is hardly one to be desired. Sometimes it is difficult to foresee when you are going to be made to pay a high price for the privilege. But often, as in this case, a player can tell that winning one trick is apt to cost him two or more. In such a case, unless one trick is all you need, you should try just as desperately to avoid winning a trick as you usually try to win one.

END

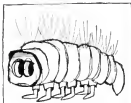


IN GOLF...
EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER
IN SCOTCH...
TEACHER'S
IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE



Only experience could produce Scotch of such unvarying quality and good taste as Teacher's Highland Cream Scotch Whisky, the fourth and fifth generations of the Teacher family still personally supervise the making of this famous product of Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd.

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY / 46 PROOF / SCHIFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



DO CATERpillARS SUFFER FROM ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH?

Can you imagine the pain if they did? Figuring a dozen or so legs per caterpillar—that would be an awful lot of grooming.

Fortunately, caterpillars have no vocal chords. And leading campephiles* claim the little creatures are totally immune to athlete's foot.

But since humans are not, you'll be glad to know a secret that lets you get rid of athlete's foot itch so fast you almost can't believe you had it.

The secret is a new kind of painless iodine**—world's greatest antiseptic. You see, everybody knows iodine is best for infections, even athlete's foot—except that it burns tissue.

But now scientists have made iodine completely safe for you to use on even the most tender skin. And you can get this new painless iodine in a special kit called Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment... with this medical combination that doctors recommend.

First, there's Iodine Liquid. This kills the infecting organism by contact.

Second, there are Q-Tip® Swabs to let you apply the liquid efficiently and hygienically.

Third, there's Medicated Powder to spray in socks and shoes and help prevent re-infection.

If you use our kit conscientiously and as we direct, we guarantee you'll never crawl like a caterpillar because you can't get rid of that terrible athlete's foot itch.

In fact, the Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment Kit *will* get rid of your athlete's foot—*and* prevent its return—in your money back. Only \$1.35 for all three—liquid, powder and swabs—in one convenient kit.



*Caterpillar lover
**Polyvinylpyrrolidone iodine complex (U.S. Pat. #3,739,973)

© 1978 Borden's Laboratories, Inc., Tuckahoe, N.Y.

acid **INDIGES** tion?
KEEP YOUR TUMMY
UNDER TUMS CONTROL!



GET TUMS ECONOMICAL 3-ROLL PACK

NICE BOYS

continued from page 1:

and interesting one. His replacement, Rookie John Sample, intercepted a pass, too, and looked capable of fitting into the Colt secondary easily whenever Brown has to fill in for Unitas at quarterback.

None of the Colt weaknesses that All-Star coaches passed along to their players before the game materialized. "The scouting reports said Marchetti was one of the best pass rushers in pro football," Grosscup said, "but that we could gain outside of him. And they said Big Daddy Lipscomb was great at defending his part of the line, but that he didn't put on much of a rush. And that we could take advantage of Ray Brown, and that Carl Taseff came up too fast on play passers." He shook his head. "You forget a lot of that stuff in the heat of the game," he said, "but if these were weaknesses, I'd hate to see the things they're good at."

The Colt players were gracious victors. Big Daddy Lipscomb, who speaks for publication with all the ease and diplomacy of a candidate for office, said: "These boys were all potential pros. They were good boys." Glen Marchetti, toweling himself near by, smiled. "Sure they were," he said. "They go to Sunday School every day."

John Unitas, who looks positively neraway by comparison with giants like Lipscomb and Marchetti, said, "We expected the All-Stars to put on a lot of pressure, but our guys took real good care of me. I always had plenty of time to throw. They gave me beautiful protection."

Milt Davis, who returned an interception for one of the Colt touchdowns, paid equally sincere tribute to the Colt defensive line: "The guys up front were in on their quarterbacks so fast we never had to worry about the long ones. We could play up tight because they never had time for anything but hooks and slants."

Probably the definitive statement was Art Donovan's. Donovan is a 270-pound tackle who has played pro football for nine years and rates as one of the best defensive linemen in the league despite his 34 years. He has a face as Irish as Paddy's pig, an in-credulously high, squeaky voice, and a deep affection for his job.

"I would say they were nice boys," he said pontifically. "Nice little boys. But they got an awful lot to learn."

Most of the All-Stars began their postgraduate football studies a couple of days after the game, as rookies on the various teams in the National Football League. Grosscup, who belongs to the New York Giants, flew out of Chicago Saturday morning to Hershey, Pa., where he watched the

NEAR-FATAL INJURY TO DON BROWN (BELOW) SHOOK ALL-STAR MORALE BROWN



first...

learn about slacks of Comiso*



Tailored by **JAYMAR**

You'll find these flannel slacks of Comiso* blended with Orlon® easier to wear, easier to care for. Handsome. And frankly, only a washing machine would know they're wash and wear. Tailored by leading slack manufacturers in the styles and shades you like best. Popularly priced. Look for the distinctive maroon Comiso hangtag you see here.

© 1970 RHO�HISS-PACIFIC MILLS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. MADE IN U.S.A.

Rhodhiss-Pacific Mills



261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. A Division of Burlington Industries



NICE BOYS continued

probably the best passer of the five quarterbacks and he is a cool operator under pressure, as he showed abundantly in the time he played against the Colts. He has gained some 20 pounds in the last couple of years, mostly through working with barbells, and, as Otto Graham pointed out after working with Lee in the All-Star camp, he is smart.

He has the additional advantage of being the youngest of the aspirants. Gifford, who would certainly return to his halfback post should he fail in the bid for a quarterback job, is 29; Heinrich, Conerly's well-used understudy, is 28. Shaw, probably the best second-string quarterback in football during the time he watched Unitas play from the Colt bench, is 26.



STILL THE BEST At 38, Charley Conerly heads five-man Giant quarterback corps.

Howell has said that he will carry only two quarterbacks; and Gifford, before the training camp began, said, "I will have to be good enough to be the No. 1 quarterback or else I will be back at halfback."

Seldom has a pro coach been so pleasantly embarrassed by riches at this position. Regardless of which two quarterbacks he keeps, Howell will have prime trading material in the ones he decides to let go.

Should Grosscup assimilate the Giant offense quickly enough, he will meet some old friends Friday in Dallas, Texas. The Giants play their second exhibition game there against the team which beat them for the championship last year in the best game ever played—the Baltimore Colts.

Again, Grosscup can expect—confidently—the worst.

END



We even pamper flowers ... aboard the QANTAS Jet

We pamper you with juices served in frosted handy saftlers. With sweets from lands around the world. With meals that take three hours (and 1800 miles!) to the last liqueur.

And then—as if that weren't enough—we pamper your flowers, too.

For when your corsage comes aboard our mighty 707 Jet, it's tucked within a gleaming plastic bag. And kept on ice for

you to wear in Europe, in Asia—or wherever you may roam.

A needless touch? Not to us. Because when you add this touch to all the rest, it spells a very special kind of service. A service filled with warmth. And worldliness. And luxury that's completely unashamed.

Someday very soon, may we pamper your flowers? Not to mention you?

QANTAS Australia's round-the-world luxury line

Starting July 31: Qantas 707 Jet service across the Pacific to Australia and starting September 5: Jet flights across the Atlantic to London. See any travel agent or Qantas in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Honolulu, Vancouver. Or QANTAS, general sales agents, in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Detroit, Miami, Dallas, Philadelphia, Winnipeg, Montreal, Toronto.



HORSES, CARROTS AND PIMLICO

A day at Glenangus reveals more of the many-sided character of Larry MacPhail

by GERALD HOLLAND

THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE, Leland Stanford MacPhail has been able to do just about anything he considered worthy of his undivided attention. He has been successful as a soldier, a lawyer, a businessman, baseball impresario, cattle breeder and racing-stable proprietor. He has made a couple of million dollars and, at 69, is full of plans for a real estate subdivision and an 18-hole golf course now under construction that will probably make him a good deal more.

Long before he began to make his own fortune, MacPhail was accustomed to comfortable living. His father, Curtis McPhail MacPhail changed the spelling of his last name, contending that his father's version was insufficiently Scottish, owned a string of small-town banks in Michigan, and although he was a careful man with a dollar, the family lived well. MacPhail's mother, Catherine MacMurtrie McPhail, was—like her husband—second-generation Scottish. She selected the name Leland Stanford because of her friendship for the wife of the U.S. Senator who endowed Leland Stanford Jr. University in memory of his son.

MacPhail was a good student. In his teens he passed the entrance ex-

aminations for the U.S. Naval Academy but decided to go to Beloit College in Wisconsin instead. Later he transferred to the University of Michigan, then won his law degree at George Washington University.

In World War I MacPhail rose to the rank of captain and command of an artillery battery in France. In World War II, a full colonel and assistant to Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson, he not only got to the fighting fronts again but once stood on a ship's bridge with Churchill himself. Although Churchill addressed none of his remarks to MacPhail, the colonel was close enough to observe with admiration the Prime Minister's downing of two double brandies in quick succession and to hear him growl to the astonished Under Secretary, "Robert, long ago I learned to make alcohol my servant and not my master!"

MacPhail has frequently found himself in distinguished company. In a wartime audience with the late Pope Pius XII, he declined the Pontiff's offer to send a special blessing to the Brooklyn Dodgers, then in last place under MacPhail's successor, Branch Rickey, by saying, "Your Holiness, I doubt if even a papal benediction would help the Dodgers now." He rubbed elbows with the top brass in Washington. He knew John Foster Dulles intimately; they were fraternity brothers and bridge companions at George Washington University. Elder Statesman Bernard Baruch is a friend and admirer of MacPhail who has often shared his

box at the races. These contacts with the celebrated did not in any way diminish MacPhail's ability to communicate with hush league ballplayers, jockeys and stable boys, nor his predilection for getting into fights with cops, headwaiters and shipside porters, one of whom chased him up a gangplank at Havana with a knife in a dispute over the size of a tip.

MacPhail argued his first case as a lawyer at 20. He found the courtroom a most congenial arena for his talents, and with his flaming red hair, his quick mind, his lung power and gift for nonstop oratory, he had all the equipment usually associated with great trial lawyers. He has retained a great affection for the law and through the years has been in and



A COUNTRY SQUIRE IN MARYLAND.



MACPHAIL IS PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE GREAT WALL MAP OF GLENAGUE'S FARMS

out of court as counsel, plaintiff, defendant and prisoner at the bar—and on the winning side more often than not. He was prepared, just this summer, to appear as attorney for Mrs. MacPhail and fight a \$6 traffic violation charge, but the charge was not pressed. Drawing on his knowledge of the law, MacPhail has frequently confounded antagonists in simple disputes by putting his side of the argument on paper and then referring to the document as "this legal brief I hold in my hand."

A football player in his college days and lifelong football fan, MacPhail made a hobby of refereeing the big-time games back in the 1930s. It was during this period that a sports-writer's assumption that the L in his

name stood for Larry fastened the nickname on him for life.) He was sought after as an official from coast to coast and respected for his fearless decisions, sometimes in the face of dangerously hostile crowds. The group of officials with whom MacPhail regularly worked (including Frank Lane, present general manager of baseball's Cleveland Indians) was responsible for introducing the signals for penalties that are in common use today.

When MacPhail went into baseball, it was inevitable that such a positive thinker would stand the national game on its ear. MacPhail began with the purchase of the Columbus club in the American Association, selling it to the St. Louis Cardinals and staying on as president. From that day

onward, through his tenures at Cincinnati, Brooklyn and New York, he came up with one startling innovation after the other: he pioneered air travel for ball clubs, the first radio broadcasts of a team's full season schedule, night baseball in the majors, fireworks, foot races and other pregame entertainment. Nodetail was too small for his attention: he made consumer surveys to find out who the real fans were, he studied every hot dog on the market, and when he found what he wanted in Schmidt's German Franks "a very superior wiener"), he not only boosted sales at the park but had the dogs packaged for the fans to buy and take home. He fired the ball park hangers-on who were serving as ushers and hired pretty girls as usherettes. He tried to get the big leagues to adopt a yellow ball at night. He made the first experiments with protective headgear. He sponsored a radio program of longhair music to promote interest of highbrows in baseball. He conceived the idea of the first dining and drinking club for season box holders, the Yankees' Stadium Club. He painted grandstand seats in brilliant colors, he kept his ball parks spick-and-span and neglected nothing that would contribute to the comfort of spectators. And at the same time, as the canniest of traders and a sound judge of talent, he was building ball clubs that won pennants in both major leagues and one world championship.

When MacPhail retired from baseball in 1947, there were sighs of relief from more than one baseball man. When he announced that he would now devote his attention to the breeding and racing of Thoroughbreds, there were murmurs of apprehension among some horsemen. Both reactions were quite justified. For if baseball had never seen anyone like brilliant, bellicose Larry MacPhail, neither—for all its colorful characters—had the tight little world of the running horse.

MACPHAIL is one of the great talkers. Although most of his highly publicized talk has been on sporting subjects, he enjoys gabbing about al-

continued



MacPHAIL, continued

most anything. At various times while I was with him, he spoke on the art of making good coffee ("Let the water pass through the grounds only once"); on the relative merits of various eating apples; the proper way to drink beer ("Keep it at a constant temperature, not too cold"); the soundness of the Eisenhower method of broiling a steak ("Rub in all the salt and garlic it will take and throw it directly on the coals"); how to prepare frogs' legs ("Furbol and fry in deep fat"). He recited the varieties of birds he had observed at his 1,000-acre Maryland farm; he said that the goose shooting on the Eastern Shore was the best in the world, but that the goose itself was not very good eating. He said a man had never eaten Maryland crab until he had eaten it steamed. He described what he would consider an ideal year abroad: Ireland in the summer for the racing; Scotland in September for the beauties of the fall; London in the winter for the theater season. Sometimes, when old baseball controversies were raked over, he blew up as explosively as ever he did at Crosley Field, Ebbets Field or Yankee Stadium.

One day I was sitting on a low stone wall outside the guest house at the farm, waiting for MacPhail. We were going to Pimlico to see two of his horses run, but first he was going to show me around the stables. This was the day I had determined to ask MacPhail about the time he was arrested for fighting with state police at Bowie and, in consequence, barred from the track of which he was president. But as I waited, I drew a notebook from my pocket and got interested in some notes I had on MacPhail's baseball career in Brooklyn. His flamboyant personality and helter-skelter and loud clothes suited that borough exactly, and when MacPhail made Leo Durocher manager—with his pugnacity and even louder clothes—it was almost more good fortune than Brooklyn could bear. Together they brought Brooklyn its first National League pennant in 21 years. A fair sample of how MacPhail operated seemed to be reflected in notes I had made on a game played June 18, 1940, when Joe Medwick, the Dodger outfielder, was struck on the head by a ball pitched by Bob Bowman of the St. Louis Cardinals. Next day *The New York Times* reported:

"In the Brooklyn dugout, Larry



MacPhail's associations are what MacPhail moves men. Here are the old days: 1934 (top), when Sunny Jim Bottomley played first base for the Cincinnati Reds, and MacPhail was vice-president and general manager; 1939 (left), when he watched the Dodgers' spring training with Manager Leo Durocher; 1941, when he celebrated the Dodgers' pennant win with staff members (creating clockwise) Jack Collins (then ticket manager), Frank Hess, John Collins, nephew of Jack, Buzzie Bavasi (now vice-president and general manager), Jack Daube,



MacPhail, the Dodger president, had to be held back by Chuck Dresen and Babe Phelps. After Medwick had been removed from the field, MacPhail did cross over toward the Cardinal bench and there had heated words with the visitors."

The *New York Herald Tribune* said:

"Larry MacPhail, who saw the accident from the press box, rushed at once to the Dodger dugout. So angry was the Dodger president that he had to be restrained from entering the Cardinal dugout."

"With Dresen and Durocher trying to hold him back, MacPhail walked across the field and challenged the Cardinal bench."

A year later, *The New Yorker* described the same incident:

"... The spectators ... cheered as they watched MacPhail's arrival on the scene. Waving his arms and roaring in his vibrant moose voice, he galloped down the aisles of the grandstand and across the diamond to the pitcher's box. ... As one umpire said later, 'MacPhail came down here and tried to provoke a riot.'"

Look magazine had occasion to refer to the matter four years after that. In its issue of July 16, 1945, Sports-writer Tom Meany wrote, "MacPhail charged from his box onto the field, threatened Bowman and the Cardinals."

Aside from minor conflicts about the manner of MacPhail's approach (running from the press box, charging from his own box, galloping down the aisles and out to the pitcher's mound and struggling from the arms of Dresen and Phelps and from the arms of Dresen and Durocher), there seemed to be no doubt that MacPhail had gone out on the field.

A screen doorslammed and I looked up to see MacPhail coming down the walk, swinging along, a big bunch of carrots in one hand. As he approached I got up and said, "How about that time in Brooklyn when Joe Medwick was beaned and you ran out on the field and challenged the whole Cardinal bench?"

MacPhail stopped and stared at me. "I've just been reading here," I said, gesturing with my notebook, "about the incident."

"I didn't run out on the field that day," said MacPhail slowly. "I went directly to the clubhouse to see how badly Medwick was hurt."

"That must have been afterward," I said nervously, holding up my note-

book, "because I copied it out of the papers."

"I don't care what you copied out of the papers," said MacPhail, his voice rising a little. "I didn't go out on the field."

"But *The New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* both say so," I protested. "And on top of that, two magazines also describe—"

"I was never," roared MacPhail, shaking the carrots under my nose, "never on a ball field during the progress of a game in my life! Is that definite enough?"

Drawing back a trifle, I said, "Certainly. That's definite enough for me."

MacPhail grabbed my arm. "Come on down to the stallion barn. I want to show you something."

As we walked along, I tried to weigh MacPhail's reputation for veracity (testified to by all his friends) against the clear-cut testimony of eyewitnesses. Giving all parties the best of it, I decided that what had happened was this: the situation on the ball field when Medwick was beaned so cried out for MacPhail that the sportswriters had been the victims of a hallucination which also had afflicted the crowds in the stands with a kind of mass hypnosis. It was that—or MacPhail had subconsciously erased the memory.

"What I'll do when we get to the stallion barn," said MacPhail, chuckling in anticipation, "is start feeding these carrots to Sea Charger. Then you just watch General Staff."

Sea Charger is one of MacPhail's more successful stallions; Outja Board, winner of the National Stallion Stakes at Belmont this season, is a colt from his second crop. General Staff, at 4, won \$121,000 with eight victories, six of them stakes and, upon retirement to stud, was syndicated for \$250,000 with MacPhail retaining approximately a third interest.

MacPhail walked briskly into the stallion barn, ostentatiously ignoring General Staff, greeting Sea Charger loudly and affectionately as he opened the stall door and held out a carrot. Across the way General Staff's ears shot forward as MacPhail fed Sea Charger, remarking, with sidelong glances at the General, "These are the finest carrots I've seen in years. Absolutely delicious."

In a moment General Staff's ears lay back and he started to paw the stall floor and snort in a tentative kind of way. MacPhail ignored him,

stroking Sea Charger, feeding him carrot after carrot. The pawing became more pronounced.

"Pawing doesn't get any carrots," MacPhail declared without turning around. "I don't pay off for pawing. Kicking is what gets carrots around here. Let's hear some kicking." There was silence for a few seconds, except for Sea Charger's munching. Then the whole barn seemed to tremble as General Staff let fly with a hoof at the wall of the stall.

"Now that's what I call kicking," cried MacPhail, promptly shutting the stall door on Sea Charger and hurrying over to General Staff. "That's the kind of kicking that will get a horse carrots around this barn." He opened the door and started to feed General Staff.

I watched, and after a moment I said, "How did you find this farm in the first place?"

"Well," said MacPhail, handing me a carrot, "I decided that I wanted a farm back in 1940 when I was with the Dodgers. I tried to find one within commuting distance of New York. I looked all over Bucks County, Pa., New Jersey, Connecticut and New York state but couldn't find enough land for what I had in mind. Finally my friendship with Alfred Vanderbilt led me to Maryland. I looked all over the Eastern Shore, then one day a real estate agent took me to this place. It was pretty run-down, the house was in terrible shape, but the terrain was beautiful and there was running spring water in every field. I asked my friend, Bill Terry of the Giants, and my brother, Herman, to fly down and take a look at the place. They agreed with me that it had great possibilities." He took a bite of carrot. "Aren't these good?" he asked.

"Delicious," I said. The three of us, General Staff, MacPhail and I, stood munching for a moment and then I asked, "What's the theory behind this operation here, I mean raising purebred cattle and Thoroughbred horses?"

"You can't make money on a farm this size with a purebred Aberdeen Angus herd alone," said MacPhail. "It had been my idea that a combination of purebred cattle and horses could be successful from an economic standpoint—in Maryland, Maryland is not a cattle state. To raise beef cattle successfully, you've got to be able to raise cheap feed."

"When you're starting from scratch

continued

as a breeder of Thoroughbreds," I said, "how do you go about it, especially when you haven't had any real experience?"

"Oh," said MacPhail, "I don't think I was an absolute amateur. I had always been interested in horses. I had studied a lot and had some ideas of my own about how horses could be raised. I had some good friends among the top breeders, like Colonel Harry Knight in Kentucky and Alfred Vanderbilt here in Maryland. But, of course, the problem was to get brood mares. Alfred Vanderbilt sold me the first three but, practically speaking, you can't buy a top brood mare unless the mare is very old or somebody just doesn't know it's a top brood mare. At least you can't buy one except at a price that is usually far more than the mare is worth."

"So the only way you can obtain brood mares on a basis you can afford is to buy two or three yearling fillies every year and race them. The good ones, the ones that show potentialities, you keep, and the others you get rid of. In that way you have a chance to build up a good brood mare band. Right now here at Glenangus, we have 36 brood mares and they've been culled, you might say, from a total of about 150 that I've owned."

"The danger in a brood mare band is that your mares become antiquated, and you wake up some day and realize that the average age of your band is 15 or 16 and that in another year they won't be producing offspring. I think the ideal average age for a brood mare band is about 10. You can have some old mares, but you've got to have some 3-, 4- and 5-year-olds, too, to keep the average. Every successful stud has to begin to sell mares when they begin to reach maturity in order to keep the average age at a reasonable level. Now I sold one of my mares, Bellesoeur, last summer to Mr. George Humphrey, the former Secretary of the Treasury, because she was just too expensive for me to maintain. I'm not selling at Saratoga any more, and so a mare that was worth the money Bellesoeur was worth should be owned by a man breeding for racing purposes, like Mr. Humphrey or Mr. A. B. Hancock. I paid \$57,000 for Bellesoeur but had three foals from her. I sold one for \$37,500 and have another colt I think is worth as much and an option on a second foal that is now at Mr. Hancock's farm in Ken-

tucky. Mr. Humphrey paid me about what I had paid for Bellesoeur, so she was a very profitable mare."

"You turned a nice profit on Demobilize," I said.

MacPhail nodded, "I paid \$4,000 for Demobilize and sold him for \$100,000 to Travis M. Kerr, who has gotten back \$64,145 in purses so far."

WHE had finished our carrots, MacPhail gave General Staff a final petting and closed the stall door. "Wouldn't it be something," I said, "if after winning pennants in both major leagues, you should turn up with a Kentucky Derby winner some day?"

MacPhail jerked a thumb in the direction of General Staff.

"We had a Derby winner in this fellow," he said, "if the trainer and I hadn't made some mistakes. In 1950 General Staff had some trouble with his ankles, and if we had stopped racing him after the Pimlico Futurity that year and rested the horse, I'm convinced he would have won the Kentucky Derby in 1951. But instead of resting him, we took him to Florida and raced him in the winter stakes and he broke down before the Derby. I'm convinced he would have won at Churchill Downs because he had already beaten Count Turf, the Derby winner. But when he broke down, we had to fire him and then he didn't race again until he was 4. Then he won those eight races and wound up winning \$157,800 all told, a lot of money in those days."

MacPhail shook his head.

"It could happen again. Nobody in the horse business ever commits suicide. You always think you'll find another Man o' War."

We walked out of the barn and on to another one to see the current crop of foals. Here there was a point of irritation. An error in the breeding schedule had matched a mare with the wrong stallion (for blood type) and a jaundiced foal had resulted.

"Hell," cried MacPhail to Tom Price, in charge of the barn, "I thought there were at least two people with brains around here, you and me, but now I don't know about you." Tom Price said, "Nobody told me about that mare, Colonel." MacPhail peered into the stall. "The mare shouldn't have been allowed to nurse that foal. That foal may not live." Tom shook his head. "Nobody told me, Colonel," he said, "I wasn't told a thing."

MacPhail walked away. Then he turned and demanded: "How do you feel?" Tom said he felt pretty good. "That nosebleed I had," he added, "left me a little weak. I lost considerable blood, quarts." MacPhail nodded. "How old are you, Tom?" Tom said, heck, he was 70. "Take care of yourself, Tom," said MacPhail.

He walked out of the barn and stopped to watch some of his men stacking bales of hay in another barn. "That's no way to stack hay," he called out. "You leave those air spaces between those bales and it's going to spoil." One of the men called back, "Oh, we intend to stuff those spaces, Colonel." MacPhail grunted and walked on.

Down the road Creola, the maid from the main house, sat under a tree. MacPhail stopped and looked at her and grinned. She smiled back. "What are you doing sitting there, Creola?" asked MacPhail. "Sitting here," said Creola, "working a crossword puzzle, waiting for my husband to come pick me up."

MacPhail rubbed his chin and said, "You let that fellow keep you waiting like this? I thought you were the boss, like me."

Creola laughed and said, "Oh, I am the boss, like you. I am the boss in some ways."

We went down to the yearling barn and Joe Magner, formerly of Limerick, Ireland, brought out the 17 yearlings one by one and discussed the prospects of each with MacPhail. While they were talking, Magner's 5-year-old blonde, blue-eyed daughter, Deirdre, came into the yard. MacPhail immediately turned to her. "What's this I hear about you graduating from kindergarten tonight?" Deirdre smiled and hung her head modestly. "Well, what I want to know," said MacPhail, "is why wasn't I invited?" The smile faded from Deirdre's face. "Only the parents," she protested, "only the parents are invited." MacPhail pretended to think about that, then he nodded and said, "Well, all right. I thought maybe you just forgot me." Deirdre shook her head.

"Only the parents," she repeated.

It was time to start for Pimlico. MacPhail is an expert driver but a one-finger-on-the-wheel type and sometimes on-hands for an instant as he gestures in the telling of a story. As we rolled along, I said, thinking back over the tour of the stables, "I guess you don't have time to miss baseball."



PROUD MACPHAIL SHOWS OFF SEA CHARGER. STRAIGHT MAN IN THE CARRIAGE SET

MacPhail shook his head. "I miss it most in the spring. Then I get the itch and the urge. I wouldn't say I miss the games during the season. But I do miss the associations. I went in to see the Orioles and the Yankees play the other night [MacPhail's son Lee is general manager of the Baltimore Orioles] and I sat with Charley Keller, my old outfielder with the Yankees, and Charley and I agreed that we missed the old associations of baseball."

MacPhail chuckled. "I asked Charley how his boy was doing in Class-D ball and he said that he'd been up 13 times and struck out 10 times. 'Well, Charley,' I said, 'Class-D leagues are tougher these days because there aren't so many of them and what talent there is is concentrated in those leagues. In the old days the talent was spread out more and Class-D competition wasn't as keen.' Charley agreed to that."

"Then we thought of Joe McCarthy who was my manager in my first year with the Yankees. We got to wondering what Joe would do to snap the Yanks out of their slump. He would have done something, because in my opinion Joe McCarthy was a master psychologist. He never went to college and would have laughed at you if you called him any kind of psychologist, but that's exactly what he was. Charley Keller said Joe

didn't humdle any two ballplayers the same way. He said he handled him different than he did DiMaggio and DiMaggio different than he did anybody else on the club."

MacPhail took both hands from the wheel for a second and flung out his arms. "Oh, I had some great managers working for me through the years," he said, "Joe McCarthy, Bucky Harris, Leo Durocher, Chuck Dressen, Casey Stengel at Kansas City in our minor league organization. They were all great managers, they all got the most out of what material they happened to have. But they were all different. I remember Bill Meyer who managed the Kansas City club for me. Bill was great providing you gave him the type of ball club he wanted. Bill liked to run and he liked to hit and run and if you gave him boys who were fast on their feet, he was terrific. McCarthy, of course, had to be a different kind of manager. With men like Ruth, Gehrig, Henrich, Ketter, Dickey and DiMaggio, you don't play for one run in an inning."

"All great managers and all great football coaches adapt their style of play to their material. I remember when the Michigan alumni were trying to crucify Mr. Fielding Yost. They said he didn't know anything about the modern game of football, they said the parade had passed him

by. Then, a couple of years later, Mr. Yost came up with the greatest forward passing combination in history with Benny Friedman throwing and Bennie Oosterbaan receiving. But, of course, he couldn't play that kind of football when he didn't have the material. I remember Zuppke at Illinois used to say, 'Punt, pass and pray.' But when you didn't have the passers, you just had to punt and pray and when you didn't have the kickers, you just had to pray."

MacPhail was silent a moment and then he said, "Yes, you miss the associations. You always miss the associations."

MacPhail is as much at home at a race track as he used to be in a bull park. At Delaware Park, at Pimlico, at Monmouth, parking lot attendants, ticket takers, sellers, cashiers, waiters, bartenders, agents, jockeys, trainers, owners, all hail him as "Colonel" as he moves through the crowd, with the purposeful stride of, say, a football referee measuring off a penalty. People who do not know him at all, recognize him and call out, "What do you say there, Larry? How about those Yankees?" MacPhail grins and waves a greeting and bellows back at them, "Don't ask me, I'm out of all that!"

This day, at the entrance to the Pimlico clubhouse, MacPhail buttoned the collar of his sport shirt and drew a clip-on bow tie from his pocket to satisfy the clubhouse rule that gentlemen will wear jackets and neckties. He had two horses running that day, Royal Voyage in the fourth and Aberdeen in the sixth. I followed him along to the aisle to the clubhouse boxes, and the head usher spotted him right away and sang out, "How are you, Colonel?" and led the way to Alfred Vanderbilt's box at the finish line. Vanderbilt wasn't there that day, but MacPhail has always used his box at the track. In the baseball days, Vanderbilt always sat in the MacPhail box at the ball park.

After the second race we got up and went out to the bar and MacPhail had a brandy and soda. People crowded around him and Jimmy Stewart, an owner and breeder generally beloved as "Irish Jimmy," invited him to have another drink, and he did because Stewart's horse, Rustic Billy, had won the second race Stewart, it developed, hadn't had even a drink on him.

Continued

The horse talk was thick and there was enormous good feeling and a lot of backslapping and laughing. It scarcely seemed the time to ask MacPhail about the fight with the cops at Bowie.

Before the fourth race, we went down to the paddock to watch MacPhail's trainer, Frank Whiteley Jr., saddle Royal Voyage. MacPhail talked to the jockey, to Whiteley, nothing of consequence being said, nothing much being expected of Royal Voyage. When the horses were led out, we started out after them and then, suddenly, MacPhail grabbed my arm.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "There's a guy over there I want to needle a little bit. Come on!" Still holding my arm in a vice-like grip, he hustled me along like a bouncer ejecting an undesirable patron from a barroom. When we had reached the man he had indicated, he thrust me in front of him, then knocked me slightly to one side with a jab from his elbow. I steadied myself as MacPhail put his chin close to the face of the man, a powerfully built citizen who drew back just a little and averted his eyes. Reaching for my coat collar, MacPhail grasped it tightly and pushed me back and forth as he addressed the man.

"Say," he cried, "I happened to be walking behind you coming out of here the other day and I was very surprised, very surprised and shocked to overhear you using some very bad language!"

The man drew back his chin and glanced around nervously. "Don't know what you're talking about," he said.

"Why, yes," MacPhail went on, darting a glance at me. "I couldn't believe my ears. I thought a man like you never used strong language. But this was just terrible. You used some very bad words."

"Must have been somebody else," the man said. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, yes, you do," said MacPhail, "and I just wanted you to know how disappointed and how shocked I was to hear such terrible language coming from a man like you." He turned away, releasing my coat collar. The man turned and vanished into the crowd. MacPhail exploded with laughter, and drawing back his arm he delivered me a resounding whack

on the seat of the pants. As I staggered forward, I managed to blurt out over my shoulder, "Who was that?"

"Oh, he testified against me in the hearing before the racing commission," MacPhail said as we started for the box, "after that trouble at Bowie. He said I used some bad words in an argument."

I drew out my notebook and consulted it swiftly. "Was that Alan T. Clarke of Clarksville or J. Yancey Christmas of Marlboro?"

"That was Christmas," said MacPhail, starting back to the clubhouse.

Hastily reading from my notes as I hurried along after MacPhail, I saw that according to press reports: Yancey Christmas, testifying to the manner of MacPhail's entrance into the Bowie clubhouse and his ringing denunciation of a group of fellow horsemen on a matter of purse values, had told the members of the racing commission that MacPhail "acted like a drunken man." When Christmas was asked about the language MacPhail used, Yancey requested that the doors of the hearing room be closed. Alan T. Clarke, meanwhile, had testified that MacPhail called him a liar, and he added, "I would have socked him if it hadn't been for his condition." Springing to MacPhail's defense, Morris Shapiro, Baltimore horseman, who was another eye-and-ear witness, said that MacPhail seemed "perfectly all right" to him, "the same as always," and "strictly business."

The time had clearly come, at last, to hear about that day at Bowie.

When we were settled in the box, MacPhail said, "I wasn't any more intoxicated that day than I am right now. I had had a couple of Martinis, that's all. I don't deny I *have* had more than I could handle on some occasions in my life, but this wasn't one of them."

"Now," I said, pressing my advantage, "all this had nothing to do with what happened later as you were leaving the track?"

"No," said MacPhail. "What happened there was that traffic was beginning to get snarled up and these cops were sitting on an embankment doing nothing about it. I got out of the car and yelled over to them to get up off their big fat fannies and do something about the traffic. One of them came over and got a little belligerent. We exchanged some words and then he grabbed me and got a

hammerlock on me and I gave him the knee. He fell down and then another cop rushed over and the two of them jumped me together and got handcuffs on me and arrested me and took me off to the station at Hyattsville."

"You were released on bail," I said, "but you didn't appear in court to answer the charges. You forfeited the \$250 bail."

"I didn't want to take a chance on a frame-up," said MacPhail.

FOR his conduct on that memorable afternoon, the Maryland Racing Commission barred MacPhail from even entering the Bowie premises despite the fact that he had organized (with Donald Lillis) the syndicate that purchased the track and as president had been responsible for \$2 million worth of improvements in the plant. If his former colleagues expected the barring of MacPhail from the track to chasten him, they could not have been more wrong. He sued, alleging breach of contract, won and collected a judgment of \$99,971.10. A short time after that he broke into the headlines again as co-chairman of a \$100-a-plate dinner for the benefit of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. "If Baltimore will support this dinner," MacPhail declared as loudly as ever he bellowed in the Bowie clubhouse or at the cops in the traffic jam outside, "we will guarantee to see that the symphony stays in the future."

Suddenly, back in the box at Pimlico, MacPhail was bellowing again. His horse, Royal Voyage, was coming down the stretch, coming from far back in a great spurt to win by a head. A little later in the afternoon, MacPhail's Aberdeen won handsily in the sixth race. It was MacPhail's day.

I put my notebook away. I had a note to ask MacPhail how he happened to say of Branch Rickey, "There but for the grace of God goes God." But a discussion of the classic feud between two of baseball's most colorful figures, I felt, could wait for a more auspicious time—say, the cruise we were scheduled to take on MacPhail's boat over the weekend.

NEXT WEEK

A weekend cruise on the *Jean KM*; the big feud with Rickey; an office in Columbus; what happened at Cincinnati; young Jeanie comes through.

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

BOXING: BOILING MAD

Sirs:

Charter member, boiling mad. It's bad for my health. Reason: Just read Bill Rosenzohn's article about the "back of the necks" game in boxing (Pilot, Skewer, Saboteur, SI, Aug. 19). How long can it go on? Thieves have taken Joe Louis, Beau Jack, Johnny Saxton and thrown them on the street when they had no more use for them.

Everybody in the Western world wants to see a rematch between Patterson and Johansson. Are we going to let a couple of characters who have no business to be in any legitimate business block it? I hope Johansson lets them stew till next summer but, like millions of others, I hope he remembers Floyd Patterson is the guy that took that right and deserves another chance to outbox it. And when we have the fight, I hope Charley Black, Velella, Kahn and their ilk aren't allowed in the park.

R. L. MURPHY

Chicago

Sirs:

Such business monopolies and tactics as practiced by the D'Amato gang have in the past been most unpopular with our Justice Department.

It seems to me that Ingemar Johansson, or some European successor, could keep the title locked up for years in his diages with American fight promoters.

C. G. CRAVEN

Needham, Mass.

Sirs:

Congratulations to you for getting my wife interested in sports—something I couldn't accomplish in the last four years. But this Rosenzohn-D'Amato-Black-Velella thing has got me hotter than hell.

I can't understand why the boxing commission allows wolves in sheep's clothing to take over the boxing game as they do. No one man controls football, basketball or hockey, so why should D'Amato think he can become the Little Caesar of the boxing world? It is a shame that such a wonderful athlete as Floyd Patterson has to be associated with the likes of D'Amato and Black. Do these people think that money can buy the glory of the young Swedish champion or the heart and guts of a great fighter like Carmen Basilio? Things like this cannot be bought with money; they have to be obtained through hard work.

I can understand now why everyone in the know is saying: "It is the greatest thing that happened to boxing when Johansson won the title."

JIM BARBOTTI

Sanger, Calif.

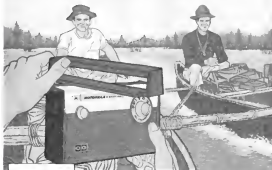
realman



ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT THE LIGHTER...DRIER...SMOOTHER SCOTCH

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. 50% A.C. DISTILLERS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 40 & 50 PROOF

Far-reaching Power



The handle's a rotating antenna.

Motorola "RANGER 1000" Portable Stations are never out of range, even ones hundreds of miles away. Reasons for this "giant reach" are many. A hand-wired chassis of 8 matched transistors, 1 diode, tuned RF stage, new audio circuit. The Ranger provides 10 times more power to get stations, twice the audible power without distortion. Plays 500 hours on inexpensive flashlight batteries. 90-day warranty on all parts and labor. Model L14.

More to enjoy



MOTOROLA

**Boots!
Boots!**

Available in smooth leather or suede

perfect for campus, too

in New Burnished Brown

Winthrop & White (dark Brown Styles)
\$12.95 to \$15.95
slightly higher West

WINTHROP
MEN'S SHOES

ALSO WINTHROP JR'S FOR BOYS

Over International Shoe Co., St. Louis

16TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

From what I have read in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Cas D'Amato's name might just as well be James Norris. I used to admire both him and Floyd Patterson very much for the good I always thought they had brought to boxing. Now I just admire Floyd.

If there is another side to this story, I would like very much to hear it, but right now it looks like he is just another black eye for boxing. I would very much like to believe otherwise but right now I don't.

JOHN T. JERRARO

Oak Park, Ill.

Sirs:

With regard to the Rosensohn picture on page 18 and the Grosscup picture on page 74 of the August 10 issue, please advise whether:

1) Rosensohn and Grosscup have the same artistic taste for drapery or
2) Grosscup was present at the meeting which frazzled Rosensohn's nerves or
3) Rosensohn is a chess master and also a photographer for your magazine, who doubled as Grosscup's chess adversary and who snapped the picture during Grosscup's concentration.

For a publication which prides itself on reporting the facts it would appear that there is a prima-facie case against you for staging the said pictures in the same room. Tsk, tsk.

MARTIN H. SCHWARTZWALD

Winnipeg, Man.

● Not so. During the week that the pictures were taken by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s photographers, both Rosensohn and Grosscup were staying at the Hotel Manhattan in New York.—ED.

BABEBALL: PAST AND PRESENT

Sirs:

As a longtime and long-suffering Giant fan I was somewhat disturbed to read of the poor support we had given Mr. Stoneham's hired hands here in New York (*A Fine Romance with Some Hisses*, 81, Aug. 3). I think that there is no group of baseball fans with a deeper feeling for its team than the Giant fans. Through the great drought between 1937 and 1951 the Giants drew reasonably well with no special inducements from the management such as several of the midwestern clubs featured. In 1957 a team that wallowed in the cellar most of the year and finished with a great upset to come in sixth drew over 600,000 fans, which together with the television receipts kept the team in the black. There is no question in my mind that the 1958 and 1959 teams that were in the thick of the pennant fight would have drawn far more people into the 55,000-seat Polo Grounds than they did into the 22,900-seat Seals Stadium.

I would like to close with a quote by Ogden Nash from *The New Yorker* that conveys the depth of real feeling at Coogan's Bluff on August the volatile anger on Bedford Avenue. "The candle's out, the game is up! Who has heart for a stirrup cup? Farewell Giants and Horace

Make delicious DAIQUIRI cocktails-at home

EQUAL TO THOSE SERVED AT
WORLD-FAMOUS BARS

Make them the quick, easy way with Holland House Daiquiri Mix. Just add your favorite brand of Rum to Holland House Daiquiri Mix and you'll serve perfect Daiquiris every time.

Other popular Holland House Cocktail Mixes: Manhattan, Dry Martini, Whiskey Sour, Tom Collins, Old Fashioned, Bronx, Side Car, Quinine Tonic and Ginlet.

**HOLLAND HOUSE
DAIQUIRI MIX**

Full pint—enough for 32 cocktails

89¢

Slightly higher West of the Mississippi.

At Food, Drug, Beverage & Liquor Stores.
Write for free cocktail and canned recipes!

Holland House Sales Co., Woodside 77, N. Y.

**BRANDYWINE
RACEWAY**

**EXCITING
TROTTING RACES
40 NIGHTS
STARTING JULY 27**

Post Time 8:25 PM
Daily Double 8:15 PM

Dine and enjoy the races
from THE TERRACE
Rt. 202 Wilmington, Del.

Statenham, 140 (miles) will also inspire."

To show just what we have to suffer here, we have a mayor who would not spend a penny to keep two (2) genuine major league teams here but is willing to spend some \$13 million for the synthetic major league team that Mr. Shea and his cohorts are pushing.

MYRON MAYER

New York City

Sir:

For some time now there has been quite a bit of talk about the lack of rivalry that exists between the San Francisco Giants and the Los Angeles Dodgers in comparison to the defunct New York and Brooklyn teams.

Of course, there never again will be such a colorful challenge as between the two boroughs, but many people, especially those existing on the eastern seaboard, fail to acknowledge the possibility of a special exuberance between the population centers of northern and southern California.

For many years, competition between the 49ers and the Rams has had no equal anywhere. I frankly can't remember when a game between these two has failed to draw capacity crowds, with many more thousands turned away.

Feelings between the large northern universities—California and Stanford—and their southern counterparts—UCLA and USC—have always prompted memorable athletic clashes.

With both clubs this year in a tight pennant race, West Coast fandom awaits its climax with expectation.

JIM H. GREENWOOD

Walnut Creek, Calif.

BASEBALL: COINCIDENTAL SPORTSMEN

Sir:

Going back to your bounce standings, that titillating tabulation of umpire's thinking activities (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Aug. 19, 1957, if any), why not a similar survey—with the focus on the players—showing which team has the fewest players ejected for savagery?

In other words, which clubs have the fewest soreheads and violent squawkers and which one, in effect, rates as the most sportsmanlike?

For 1959 my calculated guess—based on a close following of the big league scene—is that the team giving the ardent the fewest headaches is the Chicago Cubs. Coincidentally, my favorite team.

BOB JUREK

West Englewood, N.J.

● Not so. As of Saturday, Aug. 15, the number of personal ejections for each major league team (managers and coaches included, but not counting thumb-outs for rough-housing), runs as follows:

AMERICAN LEAGUE—Washington 4; Boston 3; Baltimore 9; Cleveland 10; Chicago 4; Detroit 0; Kansas City 1; New York 4.

NATIONAL LEAGUE—San Francisco 9; Los Angeles 2; Philadelphia 3; Cincinnati 9; Pittsburgh 9; Chicago 6; Milwaukee 2; St. Louis 15.—ED.

completely MACGREGOR

equipped...and ready
for a
WINNING
SEASON



You don't have to shop around when it comes to football equipment. Your MacGregor dealer has everything you need to play the game right

and safely. MacGregor protective equipment is recognized as the finest. MacGregor shoes, helmets, footballs and uniforms are the

No. 1 choice in many leading high school and college conferences because they have the durability and safety in use that takes a rugged, high-speed game requires.

See the complete line of football and other sports equipment at your MacGregor dealer's today.

MacGregor

The Choice of Those Who Play The Game

THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati 32 Ohio • BASEBALL • FOOTBALL • BASKETBALL • GOLF • TENNIS

COMPLETE KITCHEN

COMBINES: STOVE • OVEN
SINK • REFRIGERATOR
FREEZER • STORAGE



Other models available with 6 cu. ft. refrigerator including 3 cu. ft. pull-out freezer drawer... stainless steel or porcelain tops... natural wood finish... garbage disposal.

WRITE today for complete details and specifications of General Chef kitchen units.
GENERAL AIR CONDITIONING CORP.
Dept. G-7, 4542 E. Dunham St.
Los Angeles 23, California

General Chef
NATIONWIDE SALES AND SERVICE

Look for
the mark
of the
maker



**Maker's
Mark**

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Old Style Sour Mash Whisky. Ninety Proof. Distilled, Aged and Bottled by the STAR HILL DISTILLING CO. on Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky.

MILD LITTLE CIGARS

You
NEED NOT INHALE
to enjoy these



TREND

- Trends satisfy completely—without inhaling
 - Modern size... long enough for full enjoyment, short enough to enjoy any time.
 - 100% mild cigar tobacco, blended with fine Havana... uniform tobacco wrapper.
- Try them today... the milder, modern-size little cigar. Carton includes free cigar holder.



New Filter Tip

Tipt

- Filter-tip protection... true cigar flavor... convenience of modern size

40c

Stephano Brothers (Cigar Co.) Phila. 7, Pa.

PIONEER IN
MODERN LITTLE CIGARS

Pat on the Back



JOHN DAY

"Well, I did it!"

"Some time ago," relates John Day, the 50-year-old owner of a 4,000-acre cattle ranch on Oregon's Rogue River, "I considered my 205 pounds and asked myself why I carried all that weight around." Day decided to adopt a sport unfamiliar to him, mountaineering, and added a calorie-consuming new dimension—speed. Within eight weeks Day scaled the West Coast's 17 major peaks, from Washington's Mt. Baker to California's Mt. Whitney. The other day he fulfilled a high ambition: a record climb of Washington's Mt. Rainier.

After several weeks of altitude conditioning in Colorado, Day picked up two guides and at one o'clock in the morning started to climb. After five hours and 20 minutes he and a group of companions reached the summit. With the 25-year-old record of 11 hours, 20 minutes firmly in mind, Day raced down in only a little over two hours. "When I saw we had a good chance of breaking eight hours we really started to move; we covered the last five miles on a dead run and when I looked at my watch I said to myself, 'Well, I did it!'"

Golden Rainbow Country

by FRANK McCULLOCH

TO LOOK down on the land, this is what seems to have happened. When the earth formed there was enough rock left over for another world, and the rocky excess was left between the central valley and the high desert of California—a giant's ragged playground of granite, capped with snow and packed with rock-girt basins. The snow water, gathering through endless seasons in the basins, glittered there with the cold and pristine fires of a perfect gem, until, tossing, churning, foaming, roaring, heaving, flinging spray high into the bright, thin air, it overflowed down the canyons.

And this was, and is, the Sierra Nevada.

In the southern one-third of its 430-mile length, this range buckles and heaves and thrusts skyward like no other range in the continental U.S. In the very heart of the High Sierra, and sprawling over 708 square miles of its west flank, is Kings Canyon National Park, one of the last unspoiled, roadless areas in the U.S. Within its boundaries the only evidence of a mechanized civilization is the occasional rumble and yowl of a jet overhead. Near the park's northern edge, where Black Giant Peak broods over its necklace of tiny glaciers, where water and ice have scrubbed and scarred the granite faces, Le Conte Canyon gashes impossibly deep into this world of stone. At its northern end is a cluster of tiny blue-green lakes, and from them the clear water trickles, seeps, gathers and finally becomes a stream.

Here are the headwaters of the

Middle Fork of the Kings River, and from this point to its junction with the South Fork, some 45 miles to the southwest, it flows through what might well be the most magnificent setting ever bequeathed a trout stream.

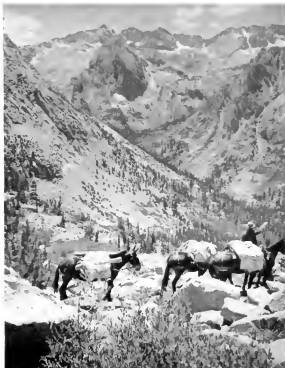
Like most big mountain rivers, the Middle Fork is many streams. It glides through alpine meadows, chortles through the heavy shade of fir and cedar and bulls its way savagely through canyons. It can be demure, dangerous and deadly, all within a mile. Like most other streams of the High Sierra, in its upper reaches the Middle Fork and its tributaries are awash with the beautiful and coveted golden trout.

Not long ago, when I first set out in quest of goldens on Falmade Creek, a tributary of the Middle Fork, the aspen leaves glistened with predawn rain. A blue-gray mist, more like

smoke than vapor, rose from the stream and drifted through the gloom of the fir trees. Westward, the sun brushed the high peaks with dusty rose, bright pink and, finally, gold. Then it pulled itself up into the glacier-choked notch between the Middle and South Palisades and sent its first long shaft of light down Palisade Creek. As though the light were a signal, a fish detached itself from the shadows at the bottom of a pool and drifted toward the quick-silvered surface. It swirled, its sides flashing gold, beneath a struggling caddis fly, and the fly disappeared.

I stood there, thrilled and stunned, forgetting all the things jet age men should occasionally forget, forgetting my fly rod even, until Dud Booth, mountain man, professional packer, master practitioner of the dry-fly art, came swinging down the trail on the

continued



AT LE CONTE CANYON PACK TRAIN HALTS TO VIEW HEADWATERS OF MIDDLE FORK

other side of the stream. Palisade Creek angled sharply to the left 50 yards above me, and at the tip of a gravel bar near the end of a long, swift run Booth took up his position. He worked his fly line out in graceful loops, finally laying his first cast down far up and across the riffle. The current snatched at the leader and flies, Booth flicked his wrist, the rod bowed and a little golden came vaulting angrily out of the water. Dad led him across stream to the shallows, unhooked him and sent him on his startled way.

Again the three-ounce fly rod worked the line out in perfect loops, again the leader and the two flies touched lightly down at the far edge of the run and this time two golden streaks came out of the shadows and attacked the Coachman lead fly and the yellow-bodied gray hackle dropper. It struck me then that I also had a fly rod, and excitedly I began to flay the run before me. Palisade Creek trout, it quickly developed, were not appalled by my lack of technique; they came darting at my flies with enthusiasm. But at the end of 15

minutes of increasingly furious fishing I was no closer to hooking one than when I started. Dad's advice ran through my mind: "Remember, if you feel a golden, it's already too late to set the hook; you got to see him coming." I floated the flies, sank them, cast them straight upstream, straight across, straight down, tried to anticipate rises until my eyes ached with the effort, and still the goldens came and went at will. Finally, my city-dulled reflexes began to sharpen, and I hooked my first fish on the dropper when I struck wildly at another golden streak in pursuit of the lead fly. Then I calmed down and caught and released 12 of the doughty little warriors without moving from the same riffle.

Encouraged with this show of progress, Dad ambled back toward camp to cook breakfast, admonishing me before I left to "save the last 10 for the pan." So I fished slowly down a quarter mile of stream through the wuelike Sierra morning, taking trout now in the runs, in the pools and even from the glades, where the tapered leader looked like a rope on the mirrored surface. Nothing big—from seven to 10 inches—but swift and wild

and impossibly beautiful symbols of the wild and beautiful land.

From the last bend I could see smoke rising from Dad's fire, and I picked up the last four of my limit between there and the camp. We cleaned all 10 almost before the last four quit flopping in the creel, and they were in the pan minutes later. "Only fit way to eat a golden," Dad observed. "Or any trout, for that matter. Out of the water and into the frying pan."

They came from the pan firm-fleshed and juicy, the richest fish by far that I have ever tasted. I finished five trout, two stacks of buckwheat cakes and three cups of coffee. While the water for the dishes heated over the coals, we followed the bell mare's "tank-took-tank-took" to where the horses and mules grazed in a meadow. We led them in and saddled them, and Dad patiently reintroduced me into the intricacies of a diamond hatch. Midmorning, as we moved down Palisade Creek toward the mainstream of the Middle Fork, I reflected: if the rest of this pack trip lives up to its first leg, it will certainly be a memorable week. Already it was difficult to believe that only a short



you're ready for

Here's the lamb's wool Adler SC®, "Choice of Olympic Champions." Guaranteed not to shrink or Adler gives you your money back. In 12 colors for business, sports or leisure: white, forest green, brown, charcoal, maize.

48 hours before I had been embroiled in the usual Sunday traffic in Los Angeles.

Shortly after sunup Monday Dud had moved us out of his Parcher's Camp pack station, located on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada, about 20 miles southwest of the Owens Valley community of Bishop. By noon we had worked our way through the deep snow in 11,989-foot Bishop Pass and into Kings Canyon Park. After crossing tarn-sprinkled Dusy Basin (the goldens weren't hitting here this summer, said Dud; a stopover would be pointless), Dud led the way over the switchbacks down the 3,000-foot wall of Le Conte Canyon in less than an hour. It was 20° warmer beside the Middle Fork than it had been in the ice-scrubbed basin above, and I noticed for the first time that my mare had become unaccountably rough-gaited, that my knees were aching unmercifully. Each campsite along the stream was a temptation, but Dud pushed steadily along. Just before my knees gave up the unequal battle we turned at long last onto a side trail for Palisade Creek.

We made camp at dusk half a mile

upstream from the Middle Fork, and 10 hours and 20 miles in the saddle faded away while Dud told tales about the golden trout country. Away up at Palisade Creek's headwaters, said Dud—we wouldn't be able to get there and reach our other objectives on this trip—there is a bunch of little glacial lakes, and when the wind comes up and ruffles the surface in the afternoon the goldens start to feed. They come streaking up from the blue-green depths to slash at almost any well-presented fly—husky, deep-bodied fish, running from half a pound to two pounds. One particularly memorable afternoon in the summer of 1956, Dud fished his way around a tarn measuring no more than a quarter mile across and a half mile in length, and in the process landed and released 50 such fish. But, he warned, don't expect them to run to that kind of size here in the creek. No one seems to know why, but while they may get up to seven pounds in the lakes, they seldom exceed a pound in the streams feeding or draining those lakes.

"Tomorrow," he had finished, "tomorrow will be a day you're going to remember for a long time."

This was, as it turned out, a memorable understatement. That first dawn on Palisade Creek made a convert out of me, and I would have been fairly content to have remained there. But 10 miles further down the Middle Fork was our real objective: Simpson Meadow and its rainbow trout.

Below Palisade Creek the tributary-fed Middle Fork puts on heat rapidly and bulls its way savagely down a narrow, boulder-strewn gorge. The trail clings precariously to the sides of cliffs high above the raging water, and since there didn't seem to be much I could do about it anyway I put all my faith in my saddle mare. Apparently she was aware of the decision, for she stopped once to look back at me and then peer long and curiously at a foaming, rock-strewn pool far below. After one quick look of my own, I tightly shut my eyes until the mare moved me on.

We made our only stop—giving Dud a chance to observe that the four-mile stretch through which we had just come is almost never fished because "if you can figure a way to get down to the water, you can't

continued

anything in Adlers!



maroon, flannel grey, navy, camel, black, fiery red, powder blue. Just \$1 a pair. Also in stretch wool version. At fine stores everywhere or write: The Adler Company, Box PSI-9, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. *Shrink Controlled

figure a way to get out again"—at one of the Middle Fork's most famous landmarks. This is the Devil's Washbowl, a granite-enclosed cauldron into which the river plunges over a 40-foot cliff. It has long fascinated Sierra mountaineers that a train of a half-dozen pack mules once panicked at this spot, plunged off the trail into that churning whirlpool below and somehow survived. For fishermen, the Washbowl is famous for another reason: above it the Middle Fork is inhabited only by golden trout; below, it is the exclusive kingdom of the rainbow.

The Middle Fork slows just enough in its headlong rush below the bowl to become an eminently fishable stream, yet fishing pressure is very low. At 6,500 feet, the Simpson Meadow area is admirably located, being well below the range of most of the rugged back packers on the famed John Muir Trail that swarm through the Park, but still beyond the reach of anything but a well-outfitted pack train coming up from the bottom.

The river in this area carries something on the order of 200 cubic feet per second of water in the late summer, or fly-fishing, months, and while it's a bit too swift for comfortable wading, plenty of log jams and fallen logs make crossings easy. Numerous gravel bars give the fly caster plenty of working room.

So it was with some puzzlement that Dud noted I had chosen to make my Simpson Meadow debut with spinning tackle. It came to baffle me too. Or, more accurately, the way the rainbows took advantage of it baffled me. They responded with happy abandon to a No. 2 Colorado spinner, but after the strike they'd instantly have me snarled in the nearest roots of a log jam. I lost no fewer than nine rigs before I decided to settle for less action and more results and thenceforth fished only that water far enough from snags to be reasonably safe.

Dud, meanwhile, took advantage of the opportunity to put on another fly-fishing exhibition. Virtual-

ly the entire time I was fast to tree roots, he was fast to trout. In one swift run of 50 yards he caught 15 rainbows in 30 minutes, keeping five so similar in size and markings they were impossible to tell apart. They were strong, chunky, full-bodied fish, about a foot long and brilliantly colored. These are real wild trout—the area hasn't been planted in 30 years. The first one I took on the spinning rig gave me a hands-full time for two or three minutes, tail dancing across the water 11 times by count. And yet he measured less than a foot in length. I had creeled only six trout when, to Dud's immense relief, I smashed the tip of the spin rod trying to manhandle one particularly muscular specimen clear of a mare's nest of fir roots. Thereafter I stuck with the flies.

Our three days at Simpson fished with outrageous speed. We broke no rainbow records—Dud's biggest fish went just over a pound, mine just under that—but we caught all the trout any reasonable man could want or ask for. I took fish on Black Gnats, Mosquitoes, Red Ants, McGinties, Royal Coachmen and an unnamed green monstrosity of uncertain origin. We caught fish at dawn, at high noon

and in the evening; like the kind of fly, the time of day seemed to make a difference only between good fishing and great fishing.

As usual, Dud left the evening fishing on our final day to me. Just after sunset I was working my way lazily around a bend a couple of hundred yards above camp, debating whether to fight the mosquitoes after the up-canyon breeze died, or call it a day—and a trip. To my left the roots of a fallen fir diverted a small flow of water around a gravel island. I had hardly given the little fork a glance on previous occasions; but now, beyond the roots, I heard the heavy "ker-chunk" of a sizable feeding fish.

If I approached from either side, the trout would be certain to see me; his pool was small and shallow, and there was no cover on the adjoining gravel bars. The fir roots towered several feet above my head so it was obviously impossible to cast over them. There was a single chance: if I could float a fly through that maze, it should drift right over the feeding rainbow. I snipped off the dropper, flipped the Coachman onto the water about a foot in front of the roots and

held my breath as the current swiftly sucked it out of sight. Almost instantly there was a splash, and the electric shock of a heavy strike ran down the rod. It was an impossible situation from the first: I couldn't even see the fish, and he was only one quick surge from the roots. But I gave it the old college try anyhow. And suddenly I realized that, for some unfathomable reason, the rainbow had come through that tangle on his own, that my line and leader were not fouled and that he was about to arrow past me on his way upstream into the main river.

When I freed him at the edge of a gravel bar a few minutes later and watched him head groggily back for his lair, I thought somehow of a phrase from the 23rd Psalm: "my cup runneth over." So I left the river and made my way back to where Dud's campfire danced cheerily beneath the cottonwoods. **END**



THE LAND OF GOLDENS AND RAINBOWS lies in the heart of the High Sierra in an area of tumbled peaks, deep gorges and spectacular trout-stream vistas. Palisade Creek is golden trout country; lower Middle Fork the rainbows' home.

GLASGO

keeps these great sweaters at 100% "Orlon" in a wide range of colors and styles. Sweaters (right) about \$20.00, sweater (left) about \$18.95, shirt about \$12.25. In five stores everywhere.



SWEATERMANSHIP WITH "ORLON"

The art of looking great in sweaters without half trying
is easy and fun in handsome, hefty sweaters made with "Orlon"

You'll look great, feel great when you practice Sweatermanship with "Orlon"*. For sweaters made of "Orlon" acrylic fiber come in this season's newest styles, newest looped or shaggy textures. And "Orlon" keeps these sweaters looking luxurious through rugged wear, repeated washings. "Orlon" also eliminates the need for bothersome blocking, shaping or special care. Get yourself some of these splendid sweaters, and you'll excel in the fine art of Sweatermanship without half trying!

*Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes Nylon, does not make the fabric or sweaters shown here.

ORLON
ACRYLIC FIBER



BETTER THINGS ARE BETTER DU PONT THE DU PONT COMPANY

You'll be glad you said 'Johnnie Walker Red' ...that incredibly smooth Scotch whisky

Reflect for a moment. Think of the satisfaction you receive from a truly great Scotch. Think of the way it echoes your own good taste. Then reach for incomparably smooth, mellow, pleasant tasting 'Johnnie Walker Red' Label. Drink it. Your taste tells you—there's no other Scotch quite like it. You'll be glad you said 'Johnnie Walker Red', the incredibly smooth Scotch whisky.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED LABEL

SCOTCH WHISKY

By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
Johnnie Walker & Sons Limited

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.